No. 223 June '81

MAD

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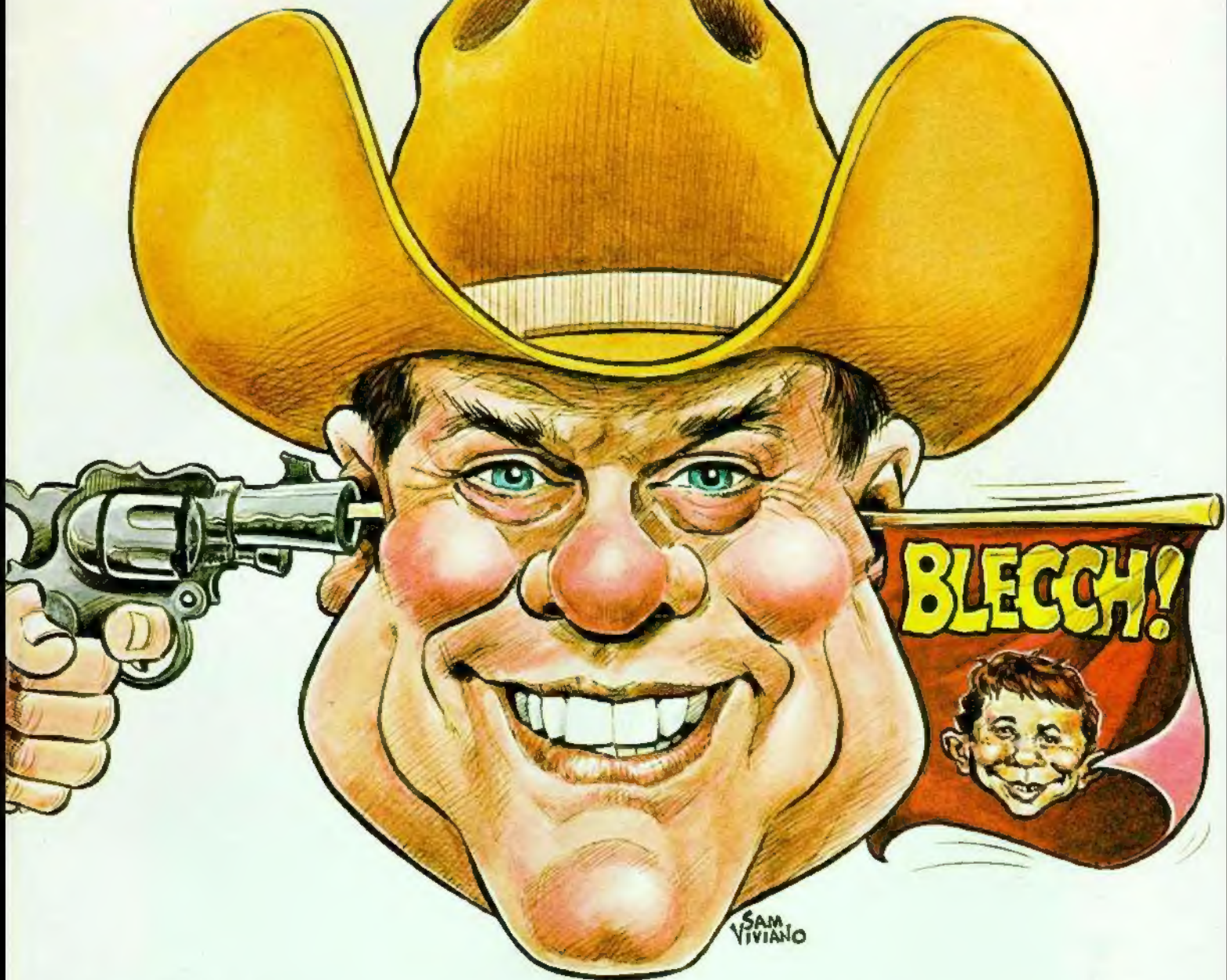

Jackie Gleason's Personal Set Of Acupuncture Needles.. And Mickey Rooney's

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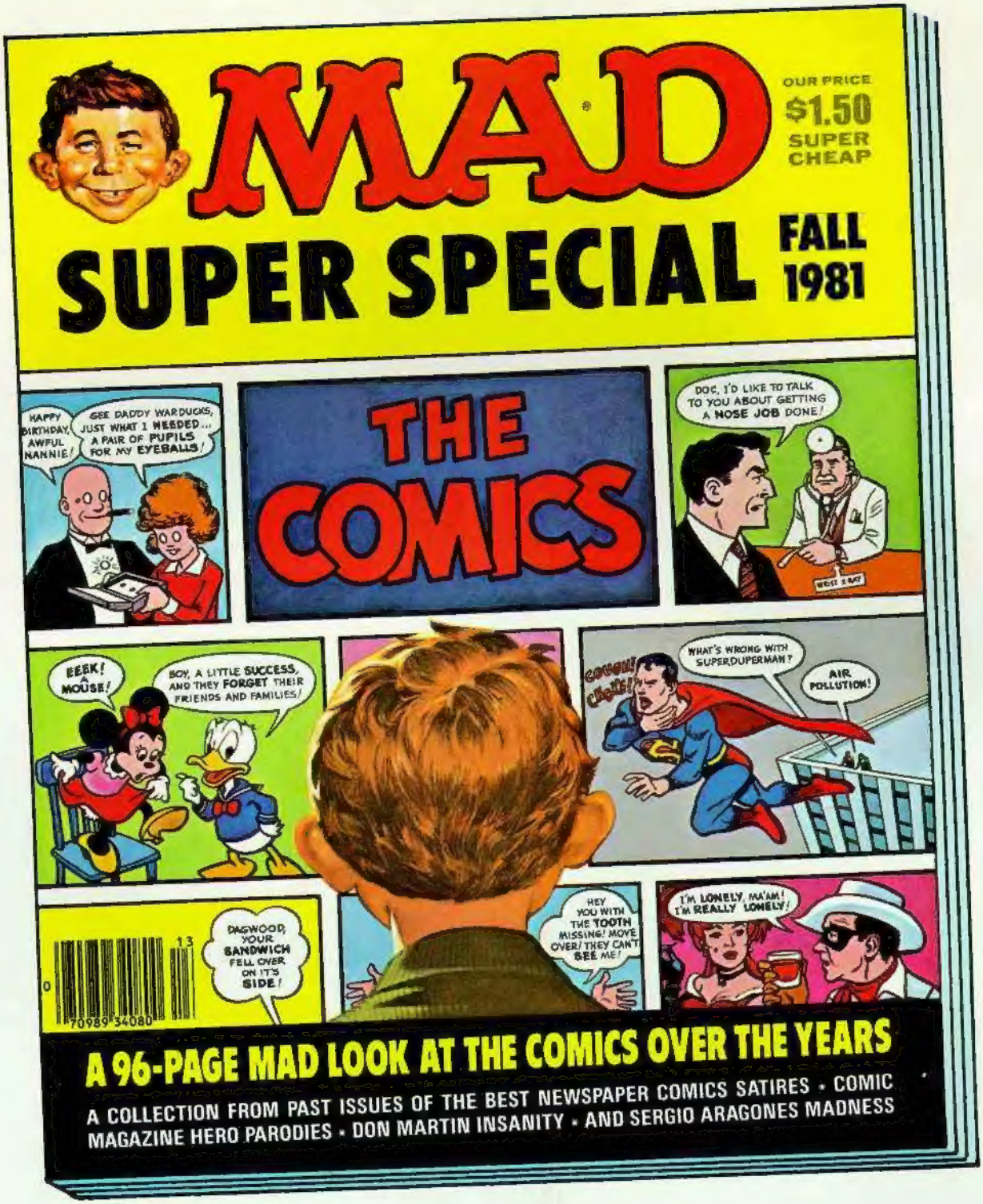
"ORDINARY PEOPLE" GILBERT & SULLIVAN DON MARTIN DAVE BERG SERGIO ARAGONES

...and the usual gang of idiots are also in this issue

STRIP TEASERS!

...MAINLY WE BUMP AND GRIND UP THE COMICS...IN...


MAD
OUR PRICE
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SUPER
CHEAP
SUPER SPECIAL
FALL
1981
THE COMICS
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, AWFUL NANNIE!
GEE DADDY WARDUCKS, JUST WHAT I NEEDED... A PAIR OF PUPILS FOR MY EYEBALLS!
DOC, I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT GETTING A NOSE JOB DONE!
EEEK! A MOUSE!
BOY, A LITTLE SUCCESS, AND THEY FORGET THEIR FRIENDS AND FAMILIES!
COUGH! CHOKE!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH SUPERDUPERMAN?
AIR POLLUTION!
DAGWOOD, YOUR SANDWICH FELL OVER ON IT'S SIDE!
HEY YOU WITH THE TOOTH MISSING! MOVE OVER! THEY CAN'T SEE ME!
I'M LONELY, MA'AM! I'M REALLY LONELY!
A 96-PAGE MAD LOOK AT THE COMICS OVER THE YEARS
A COLLECTION FROM PAST ISSUES OF THE BEST NEWSPAPER COMICS SATIRES • COMIC MAGAZINE HERO PARODIES • DON MARTIN INSANITY • AND SERGIO ARAGONES MADNESS

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NUMBER 223 JUNE 1981

MAD

"Some modern housewives are the kind who put off today what their husbands can do over the weekend!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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JOHN PUTNAM *art director* **LEONARD BRENNER** *production*
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GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI *and* **CHRIS GAINES** *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD (ISSN 0024 9319) is published monthly except February, May, August and November by E.C. Publications, Inc., 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscription in U.S.A.: 12 issues $10.75. Outside U.S.A.: 12 issues $12.00. Entire contents copyright © 1981 by E.C. Publications, Inc. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective, and include mailing label when making change of address or inquiring about your subscription. POSTMASTER: send address changes to MAD, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

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Yep . . . in many of his famous horror movies, Vincent Price was slashed by one friend or another! Too bad we're not doing that to the price of our full-color portrait of MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, Alfred E. Neuman, suitable for framing or lining bird cages or whatever! For yours, mail: 50¢ for one, $1.05 for 3, $2.15 for 9, $4.35 for 27 or $8.75 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

LETTERS DEPT.

"THE SHINER"

Your version of "The Shining" killed me!

Danny Franklin
Memphis, TN

KING-SIZE COMMENT

As you can see by the enclosed photo, when it comes to satire, I really know which way is up—which is probably why I enjoyed "The Shiner." You guys are the same lovable cretins I remember from my youth! To prove how much I enjoyed the parody, I'm sending all those "things" from the Overlook Hotel (plus some folks from the little town of 'Salem's Lot) to pay you a little visit. They'll arrive after sundown, I think. What, *you* worry?

Stephen King
Author, "The Shining"
Bangor, ME

Author Stephen King—It's A Good Thing He Can Write Better Than He Can Read!

THAT'S THE WAY IT IS

Boy, was I surprised! During a recent photo secession with Walter Cronkite for the Washington Journalism Review, right there on his wall was a poster for America's perennial presidential candidate Alfred E. Neuman! Now that we know who Walter was *really* supporting, I can understand why he didn't look too happy when he had to report that Reagan won!

Donal F. Holway
New York, NY

"THE MAD STOPWATCH"

"The MAD Stopwatch" was ahead of its time!

Carter Jones
Nunda, NY

39.3 seconds . . . the amount of time it takes for you to lose interest when writing a letter to MAD Ma

Tom Enders
Ottawa, Canada

Above: For The First Time, America's Two Most Trusted Men In The Same Room

MAD SHORTAGE?!?

Whaddya mean there's gonna be a MAD shortage?!? With the Commies, Iran, inflation, OPEC, and doggie-doo, we can't afford to have a shortage of MAD-ness

Clark Oliver
Chevy Chase, MD

Not to criticize the great United States but, if there is a shortage of MAD Magazine, where is Ronald Reagan going to get his ideas to help out nation?

John Close
Doylestown, OH

NOTHING TO FEAR BUT . . .

"MAD's New Phobia's for the '80's" was one of the best features you've done in a long time. Keep up the good work and do more.

David Brady
Upland, CA

Receivaphobia: fear of clods writing in suggestions for new phobias that are as funny as the ones you printed in the first place.

Jon May
Rocklin, CA

Bangbangaphobia: fear of continuing to hear the question, "Who shot J.R.?"

Stacy Black
Alto, TX

Hostiphobia: fear of being taken hostage the minute you step foot into another country.

Robert Fontaine
South Weymouth, MA

ANOTHER SATISFIED READER

I must congratulate you on finally printing something worthwhile to read in your magazine. Your "Statement of Ownership, Management and Circulation" was excellent!

Russell Melton
Palo Alto, CA

"CRAPPER JOHN, M.D."

Stan Hart's "Crapper John, M.D." was every bit as hilarious as his M*A*S*H*-UGA (MAD #166). Giving Jack Davis a turn as the illustrator was "just what the doctor ordered"!

Neil N. Wahlert
Brush, Colorado

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

My compliments to Al Jaffee for his fold-in in the March #221 issue. Besides being clever, it was also scientifically accurate! There is, indeed, increasing evidence that other people's cigarette smoke may be harmful to the bystander's health. Of course, we all know that the smoke is harmful to the smoker! It's hard to understand why so many people deliberately pollute their own personal air supply.

Kathleen A. Meister
Research Associate
American Council on
Science and Health
New York, NY

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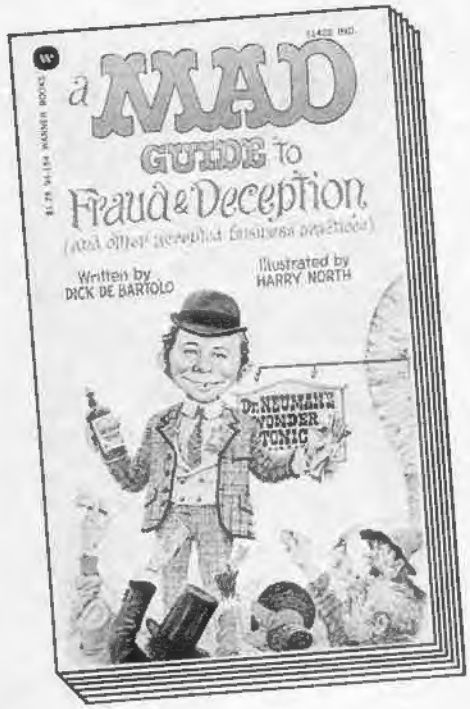
WHAT? Y'SAY YOU'RE NOT SATISFIED?!
Y'SAY Y'WANT MORE FOR YOUR MONEY?!

TELL YOU WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO!

Step right up and get the perfect tonic for all the rotten FRAUD and DECEPTION that's plaguing us! Not only will you learn about the "pros" that "con" us, you'll also learn about HOW they con us so you won't fall for their lines! However, we WANT you to fall for OUR line and put down your hard-earned cash for the greatest rip-off of all time . . .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CREEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS DEPT.

DU

TV programs about families have always been popular! The Nelsons, the Waltons, the Bradfords, the Ingles, the Cunninghams, etc., all these families had certain things in common: they were all happy, they all loved each other, and none of them had very much money! Now, a different type of TV family has emerged to capture the top ratings. These people are more like the Borgias than the Bradfords! These people hate each other, they're miserable, and they're filthy rich! Yep, we're talking about that nighttime "soap" about a typical Texas family, soaking in depravity and sex! Boy, when it comes to remembering that there are finer things in life, all that base immorality on the TV screen tends to numb us, to deaden us, to—

I'm **J. D. Phewing!** I'm **mean, corrupt, dishonest, evil** and **loathsome!** And **those** are my **GOOD qualities!** My **downright nastiness** has made me the most **popular** character on **TV,** except for maybe **Miss Piggy!**

I'm **J. D.'s Brother, Wary!** I'm a **snivelling weak coward**—and it's all **J. D.'s** fault! When we were **kids,** he used to **break** all my **toys**—and **torture** me! And **that** was when he was being **NICE** to me!! When I got **married, HE** went on the **honeymoon** . . . with **my wife!!**

My name is **Juicy!** Wary is **my Daddy!** At least I **think** he is! I'm a **typical Texas co-ed!** I'm majoring in **Advanced Sex, Partying, Adultery** and **Twirling!**

I'm **Sullen Phewing,** J.D.'s **beloved**—*hah*—**Wife!** J.D. tried to have me **committed** a couple of times just because I'm an **alcoholic nymphomaniac** with **paranoid-schizophrenic tendencies!** Luckily, my behavior was considered **normal** for a **nighttime soap!**

Hi! I'm J.D.'s **baby Brother, Booby!** I'm a **decent, moral person!** I'm rather **intelligent,** and I'm **normal** in **all respects!** In **other** words, I'm the **family SCHMUCK!**

I'm Booby's Wife, **Spamella Phewing!** That snake, J.D., was responsible for me having a **miscarriage!** He **ruined** my **father, destroyed** my **Brother's career,** and—**worst** of all—**cut** the **LABELS off** my **designer jeans!!**

LLUS

I'm **Nelly Phewing** . . . and this is my Husband, **Jerk!** We're the **proud parents** of these fine specimens of Dullus manhood! Last season, my Son, J.D. was **shot,** and a **lot** of folks thought that maybe **I** did it! Now, **that's** downright **embarrassing!** I mean, if I'd **shot** J.D., I **wouldn't** have just **WOUNDED HIM!**

You may be wond'rin' why all the Phewing ladies are wearin' **FUR COATS** to this **outdoor barbecue** when the **weather** here in Texas is **110° in the shade!** Well, we Phewings are **SO RICH,** the **ENTIRE RANCH** is **air conditioned!**

Score cards! Get your **score cards** here! You **can't keep track** of **who's scoring** with **who** without a **score card!!**

Mornin' y'all! Sorry I'm late, but a **Girl Scout** came to the door and I swindled her out of her **cookies!** And **then** I had to break up a **romance** between **Roy Greppser** and **Donna Pulverson!**

Donna! You remember! **Sam Pulverson's Widow!** He was involved in that **shady oil lease deal** with me and **Cess Pool,** who was married to **Messy!** She's the gal who was **cheatin'** with **Wary** after he married **Valvoline** who was runnin' around with lawyer **Phil Kleindingst!**

Roy and **WHO?!?**

By God, I **can't keep track** of these people! I **shoulda** bought me one of them **score cards** in the last panel!!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

I've got some **GOOD NEWS! Juicy** has got herself **engaged!**

Well, now! That **IS** good news!

I—I **can't believe it!** You're **HAPPY** I'm engaged?!

Of course I am, Darlin'! I'm lookin' forward to the **pleasure** of **breakin' it up,** then **destroyin' your fiancee** and his **entire family,** including **pets!** But even **worse** than that, I'm gonna **TELL you** when your **Bridal Shower is** . . . and **RUIN** your **SURPRISE!**

May I be excused?
Why? Got some last minute homework t'do?!?
No, I have some last minute making out t' do! This isn't "Eight Is Enough," y'know! Besides, I can't take these family meals! The Last Supper had to be a laugh riot compared to eating with the Phewings!
Hold on there, young lady! We all ENJOY these family meals! Why, jus' look at the SMILE on Mama's face!
WHAT smile?!? That's GAS!!
Since you obviously aren't MAN enough to give Daddy a Grandson like I did, Booby, I'd like to offer my services to help you out!
Why, that's right nice of you, J.D.... wantin' to help out your little Brother that way!
Jus' cause your Wife had a BABY doesn't mean that you're the Father, J.D.! Not with YOUR Wife, it don't!
By God, J.D.... you shouldn't let anyone talk bad about your Wife like that! Why, if anybody dared say that about your Mama, I'd kill 'im!
So would I, Daddy! Nobody better say anythin' bad about Mama while I'M around!
Dammit, J.D.! For once, be a man! When somebody insults your Wife's honor, DO somethin'!
All right, Daddy! If that's what you want, then that's what I'll do! Just watch me!!
KILL GUN CONTROL
BIG GUN
SON of BIG GUN
Now hear this!! If I find out that anybody's messin around with my Wife, I'll KILL HIM!!
Hi Yo Silver! Away!
Gittum up Scout!
Who was that masked man?!?
BLAM!
BLAM!
Sullen, I don't want you goin' around, casting doubts about me bein' the Father of our baby! Why, do you know what people are callin' me...??
The same thing they're callin' the baby, I imagine!
Y'know, he's a cute lil'l devil! I can't see how anyone can say I'm not his Daddy! He LOOKS jus' like me... an' he even ACTS jus' like me sometimes!
Only when he gets diaper rash!
Hmmm! Next week is Booby's birthday! I gotta do somethin' real special for him! I know!! I'll break up his marriage...!
Dammit, Spam! Our marriage is fallin' apart! Now, I KNOW you don't want to have a BABY ... but puttin' on RUBBER GLOVES to shake hands with me is goin' jus' a lil'l too far!!

TINKLE!
TINKLE?
Well, it's not all MY fault our marriage is falling!! How about YOU and this HENNA MAID!?
I TOLD you!! There's nothing between us! Henna is just an old school chum!
Yeah? Well, don't hold any more CLASS REUNIONS here in our bed!!
The eyes of Texas are upon you—
TEXAS
TEXAS CLASS OF 72
Come to think of it, WHY would I want to break up that marriage?
Grandma, the Phewings are so rich and beautiful!! How come everybody is so miserable??
That's 'cause the TV audience enjoys seeing rich people suffer! It makes their OWN dull lives seem more tolerable!
SLAM!
Would you believe my image is being ruined by that hockey puck wearing a Roy Rogers hat . . . that yo-yo who walks like his jockey shorts are twisted?!? Thanks to THAT dummy, people think I'M a NICE GUY!!
Compared to him, we're ALL considered nice guys!!
JD
CO.
I LOST AT LOVE
J.D., I've got to talk to you!!
Lowland, this better be important! I don't like being disturbed when I'm doing important business like interviewing some new Secretaries!!
Secretaries?!? They look more like Dullus Cheerleaders!
On this show, all the gals look like Dullus Cheerleaders!
Gi'me a J . . .
Gi'me a D . . .
Gi'me a PHEW!
Gi'me an ING!
Our project converting the John Wayne Memorial Park into a real estate development has hit a snag! The Alamo Sisterhood Society has vowed to stop us! They're threatening to chain themselves to the statue of Roger Staubach . . . !!
Of course, we COULD use the LAW, and have them removed LEGALLY!
LEGALLY? You must be KIDDING! Are you trying to ruin my reputation?!
That's no problem! A.S.S. is a group of ladies, right?! I'll just turn on the old Phewing charm and seduce the gal in charge!
Uh . . . the Leader of the group is your Wife, Sullen!!
Well . . . now we DO have a problem! That's the ONE lady in Texas that I CAN'T sweet talk into bed!
Hold it! Hey, I think I've got it . . .

Dr. Smelby, I need your help!
Frankly, Phewing, I don't even think FREUD could help you!! But I'll give it my best shot! What do these remind you of?
That one makes me think of money . . . and that one looks like a guy running a stampeding herd over his family!
I don't want THAT kind of help, Doc!! I want you to commit my Wife! I've got PROOF she's crazy!!
This is just your MARRIAGE LICENSE!
What woman in her right mind would marry ME!?!
Good Lord, you're right! She IS stark raving mad! I'll have her put away immediately!
PHEWING
PHEWING RANCH AIRLINES
LORIMAR
Lowland, didn't my new Secretary tell you I'm in CONFERENCE . . . and I can't be disturbed?!
J.D., honey, I'M your new Secretary!
Sorry, J.D., but this is important! Your wife's replacement as head of A.S.S.'s "Committee To Save The Park" is your Mother!
I guess that means I got to get rid of Mama!!
OIL LAMP
J.D.!! You wouldn't I mean . . . not even YOU . . .!!!
Kill Mama?! Lord, no! Texas juries don't mind you killin' your business partner, your wife, or even a total stranger! But they DO frown on anybody bumpin' off his Mama! Why, that's almost as bad as bein' mean to your horse!!
OILY BIRD
OIL LINE
Mama, Daddy, I been thinkin'! Why don't you two take a li'l vacation? I'll look after the ranch while you're away!
Hah! The last time we left you in charge, you mortgaged the ranch, caused 3 miscarriages, 2 divorces, 5 suicides, 4 bankruptcies, broke up 12 couples—including our prize heifer and bull—and, worst of all, you didn't feed my GOLDFISH!!
I did, TOO, Mama! I fed 'em to the CAT!!
And don't forget what you did to your poor Brother, Wary! You drove him clean off the South Pork to KNUTT'S LANDING!!
Mama, I did it for his own good! Now, he's got a show of his own! Why, I even go there once in a while to see how he's doin'!!
You only go there to torment the po'r boy!
Yeah, but havin' me as a "guest villain" once in a while sure does wonders for his NEILSEN RATINGS!
OIL SLICK
HOSPITAL

I'm afraid I **can't leave now, J.D.!** I'm in charge of The **A.S.S. Committee To Save The Park!**

I didn't know you were so interested in **preserving nature!**

What nature?!? I'm interested in preserving our **life style!** They plan to put up **condominiums** that will sell for **half a million each! We** can't let **low-down trash** like **that** move into our neighborhood!

You **don't** have to **worry,** Mama! **I'LL see to it** that nothing happens to your park while you're away! **Scout's Honor!**

Maybe we **SHOULD** go, Nelly! I'd **like** to visit **New Mexico!** I've been thinkin' of buyin' some land!

What PART of New Mexico?

The **WHOLE STATE?**

Joke, don't you think J.D. seemed kind of **anxious to get rid of us? Packin'** our bags and makin' us **peanut butter and jelly sandwiches** like that?!?

You're **too suspicious,** Miss Nelly! Anyway, he **promised** to see that the park would be safe! He **even** gave you his **"Scout's Honor"!!**

I know! But **remember! J.D. was the only Boy Scout** who **ever earned a Merit Badge** for **LYING!!**

SOUTHPORK R

TOM LANDRY for PRES.

DARRELL ROYAL for GOV.

Miss Nelly, I think we've got to **TRUST** J.D. on this!

WHY . . . ? Because he's our **SON . . . ?!**

No . . . because in order for his ridiculous, underhanded schemes to **WORK,** people **have to TRUST** him, even though they end up **gettin' SCREWED EVERY TIME!!**

Good work, J.D.! With **Miss Nelly** gone, the **opposition collapsed!** We'll make a **fortune** on this!

Now **that's** funny! I **thought** you said **"WE"!** Didn't I **tell** you— this entire project belongs to **me!**

There goes **J.D.,** pullin' another **double-cross** on poor ol' **Lowland!**

No wonder he got **shot!**

I cain't understand all the **fuss** over the shootin' of **one varmint!** Especially here in **TEXAS!!**

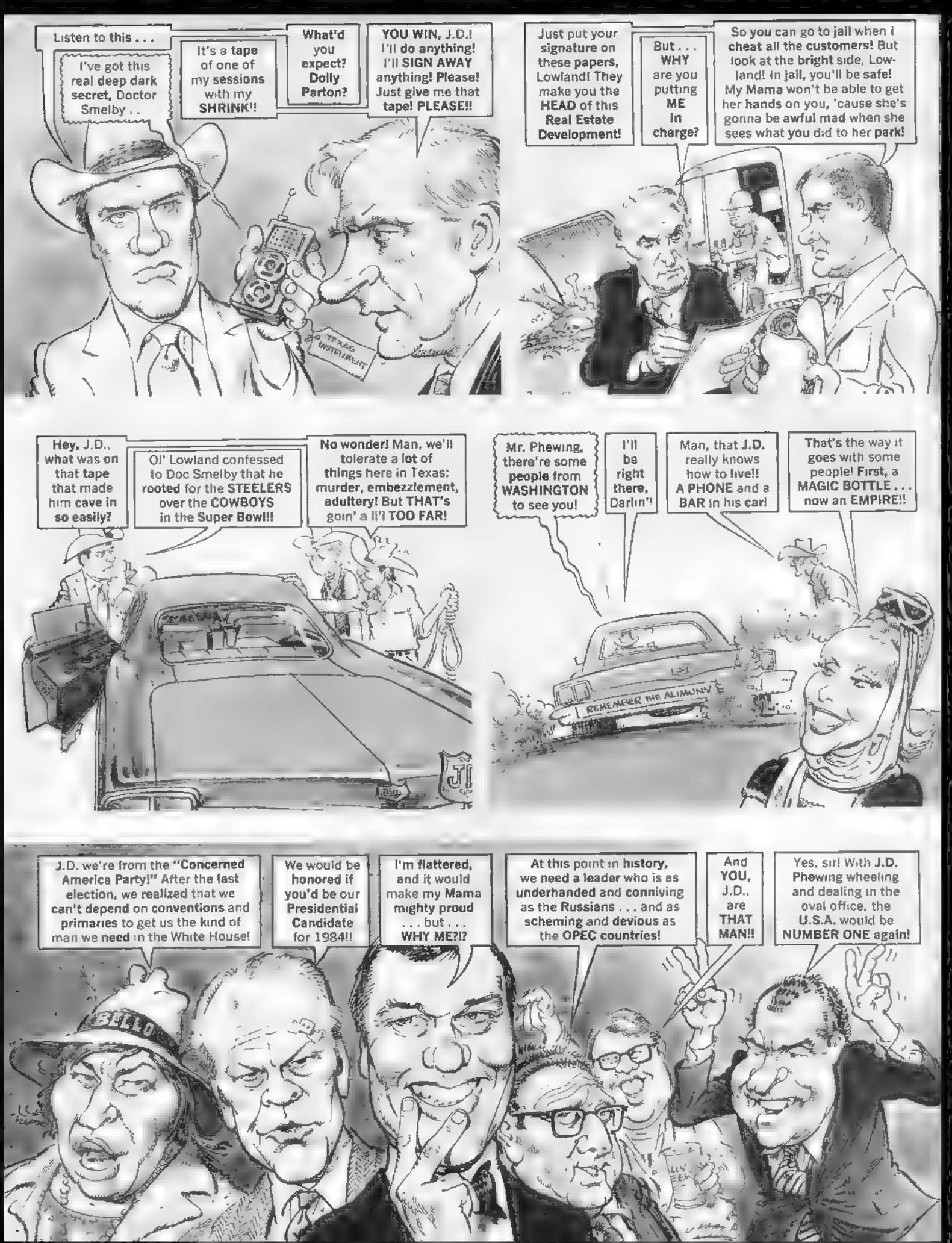
Hell, Hopalong Cassidy, Matt Dillon and **The Lone Ranger** used to shoot **DOZENS** of people **every week,** and **nobody** ever thought a thing about it!

PLUNDER DEVELOPE

why, **J.D.,** you **lousy crook!** You'd **swindle** your **[redacted] Mother!**

I DID, a few panels back! Now, it's your turn! Lowland, I've got some **information** that'd **RUIN you** if I made it public!!

Forget it, J.D.! You **can't** blackmail me! Everybody **KNOWS** that **I cheat** on my **wife, gamble,** and **swindle my depositors!** I'm **trying** to get **my own series!**


Listen to this . . .
I've got this real deep dark secret, Doctor Smelby . .
It's a tape of one of my sessions with my SHRINK!!
What'd you expect? Dolly Parton?
YOU WIN, J.D.! I'll do anything! I'll SIGN AWAY anything! Please! Just give me that tape! PLEASE!!
TEXAS INSTRUMENTS
Just put your signature on these papers, Lowland! They make you the HEAD of this Real Estate Development!
But . . . WHY are you putting ME in charge?
So you can go to jail when I cheat all the customers! But look at the bright side, Lowland! In jail, you'll be safe! My Mama won't be able to get her hands on you, 'cause she's gonna be awful mad when she sees what you did to her park!
Hey, J.D., what was on that tape that made him cave in so easily?
Ol' Lowland confessed to Doc Smelby that he rooted for the STEELERS over the COWBOYS in the Super Bowl!!
No wonder! Man, we'll tolerate a lot of things here in Texas: murder, embezzlement, adultery! But THAT's goin' a li'l TOO FAR!
Mr. Phewing, there're some people from WASHINGTON to see you!
I'll be right there, Darlin'!
Man, that J.D. really knows how to live!! A PHONE and a BAR in his car!
That's the way it goes with some people! First, a MAGIC BOTTLE . . . now an EMPIRE!!
REMEMBER THE ALIMONY
J.D. we're from the "Concerned America Party!" After the last election, we realized that we can't depend on conventions and primaries to get us the kind of man we need in the White House!
We would be honored if you'd be our Presidential Candidate for 1984!!
I'm flattered, and it would make my Mama mighty proud . . . but . . . WHY ME?!?
At this point in history, we need a leader who is as underhanded and conniving as the Russians . . . and as scheming and devious as the OPEC countries!
And YOU, J.D., are THAT MAN!!
Yes, sir! With J.D. Phewing wheeling and dealing in the oval office, the U.S.A. would be NUMBER ONE again!

ONE MORNING ON A STREET CORNER

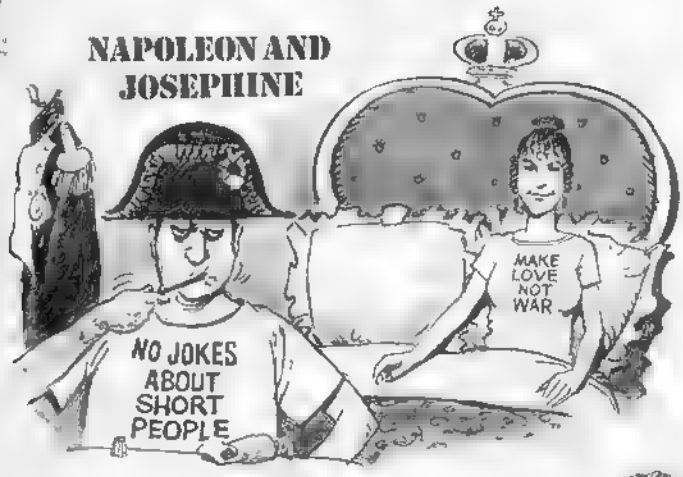
GETTING IT OFF THEIR CHEST DEPT.

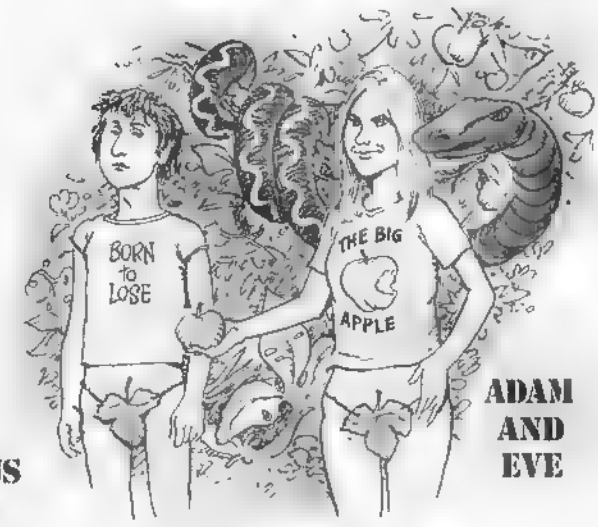
DID YOU REALLY THINK THE T-SHIRT CRAZE STARTED ABOUT 5 YEARS AGO? WELL, SURPRISE!

T-SHIRTS THRO

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE



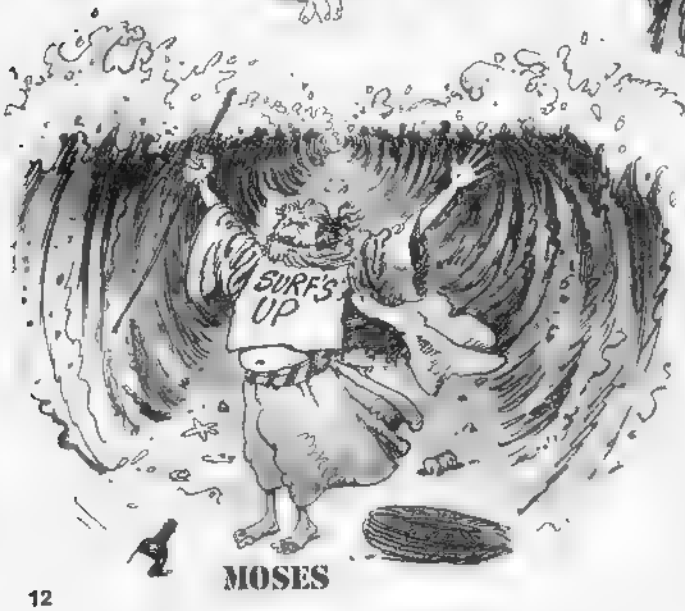


ADAM AND EVE

VENUS DE MILO

TARZAN

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN



MOSES

ROBINSON CRUSOE

IT STARTED ABOUT 5000 YEARS AGO! AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE US, JUST LOOK AT THESE...

OUGH THE AGES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

HENRY VIII

MONA LISA

KING KONG

COLUMBUS

SAMSON AND DELILAH

JOAN OF ARC

BEETHOVEN

GENGHIS KHAN

PATENT BLENDING DEPT.

If "Good Old-Fashioned American Know-How" is all it's cracked up to be, then how come so many products turned out by "Good Old-Fashioned American Industry" fail to serve Mankind as well as they should? The answer is simple: American inventors are in such a rush to invent new inventions, they never take time

NEW INVENTI OLD INVENTIO

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

TV LAUGH TRACK NEUTRALIZER

This much-needed electronic box is attached to any TV set, and can easily be adjusted to turn itself on when activated by shrieks of canned laughter from situation comedies. Gadget then drowns out those obnoxious fake giggles with less offensive noise, such as cats squalling, or truck brakes squealing.

SHUTTER-ACTIVATED LENS CAP REMOVER

As camera manufacturers labored to develop automatic focus, built-in exposure meters and other "fail-safe" innovations, they neglected the most important foolproofing device of all. This new invention protects the average clod from attempting to snap a picture before he remembers to remove the lens cap. The gadget consists chiefly of a steel spring attached to the shutter button. It miraculously whips off the forgotten lens cap a split-second before film is wasted taking an all-black shot.

GARBAGE DISPOSAL PRECIOUS METAL DETECTOR

Following a recent estimate that one billion dollars worth of sterling silver is accidentally dropped into garbage disposals and chewed up each year, scientists have developed this handy detector attachment. the piercing siren not only warns of imminent peril to silverware, but also sounds alarms for other metal valuables frequently dropped into the disposal, such as wedding rings, gold teeth and chrome-plated Masonic watch fobs

DIGITAL WATCH READ-OUT BUTTON PRESSER

This newly-developed gadget is vital for use with digital wrist watches that only give the time when pressed with a finger of the other hand, and are therefore maddening to people who normally carry things. Similar in operation to a Chinese Back-Scratcher, the device is clenched between the teeth for easy watch-activation by those who want to know the time without having to set down their packages.

to perfect the inventions they've already invented. Clearly, our mechanical wizards need a breathing spell to do more work on their past discoveries before they hurry to bring us a rash of new unperfected gadgets. MAD envisions the better world we'll have once science comes up with these sorely needed . . .

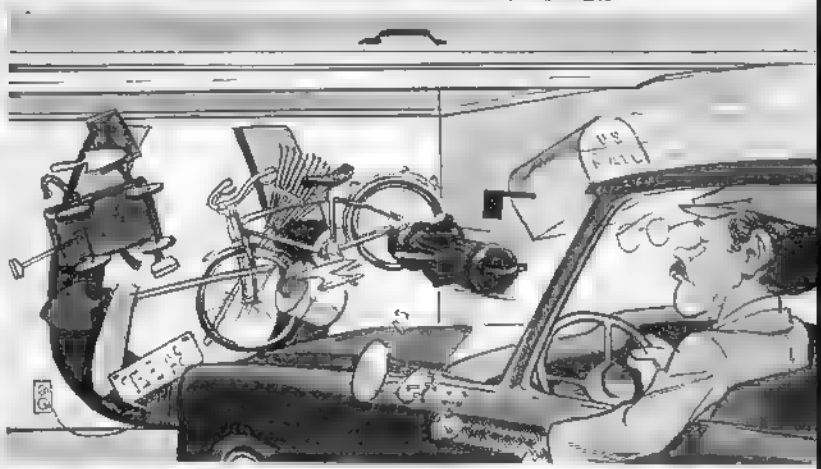
ONS TO MAKE NS PRACTICAL

WRITER: TOM KOCH

CB RADIO TRANSLATOR & DICTION CLARIFIER

Recognizing the value of CB radio in keeping motorists informed, scientists also recognize the fact that most CB operators utter strange jargon in a Texas drawl that bears little relation to English. To bridge this gap in communication, this invention converts even the most obscure CB dialects into words and phrases that are easily understood by laymen living as far away as Cincinnati.

AUTOMATIC GARAGE FLOOR CLEANER



This handy device is the work of an inventor with four children who once asked himself, "What good is an Automatic Garage Door-Opener if I still gotta get out in the rain to tidy up the darn garage before I can pull the car in?" The result was a powerful electro-magnet, operating on the same wave-length as the Door-Opener, capable of sucking up objects as large as bikes, and slamming them against a rear wall where they can't be run over.

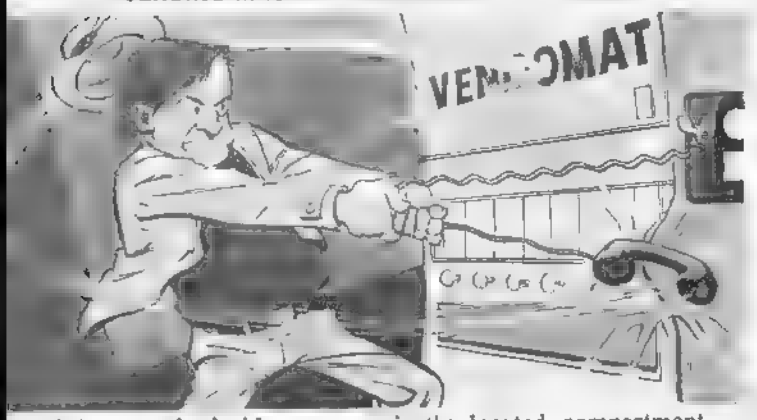
HOME SWIMMING POOL TRAMPOLINE COVER

The recent increase in the number of home swimming pools has brought an increase in the number of idiots who dive into them without stopping to check whether they're filled with water or not. The messy consequences are now preventable, thanks to this clever invention that automatically slides a large trampoline over the entire pool whenever it is drained, or when evaporation causes the depth of water to drop below an 18 inch danger point.

PRE-SET POWER LAWN MOWER CONTROLLER

This marvelous, minature, clock-like attachment enables the late-sleeper to secretly block the fuel line of any neighbor's gasoline powered lawn mower until a pre-set time, usually about ten A.M. A deluxe model is also available with an automated calendar that prevents the racket from starting even later on Saturday and Sunday.

VENDING MACHINE EMERGENCY TELEPHONE



Filting snugly inside a conveniently located compartment, this phone provides gypped customers with a direct line to the head office of the vending company. Developed for the purpose of preventing damage to machines, and apoplexy to customers, the telephone enables those whose coins have been confiscated to tell the owner of the vending device exactly what they think of him and his @#$%¢&+?! machine.

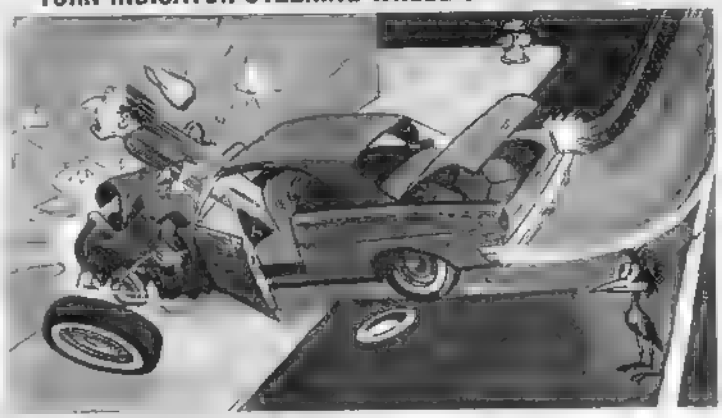
LATE NIGHT WRONG NUMBER ELIMINATOR

Operated automatically between Midnight and 8 A.M., this marvel tells dialers what number they've just called and gives them five seconds "grace period" to hang up if they dialed wrong. To add a note of urgency, the computerized voice also informs the caller that he can be arrested for disturbing the peace if he's dialed incorrectly and then fails to hang up before his victim's phone starts to ring.

ABSORBANT REST ROOM WALLPAPER

Basically, this useful invention consists of old-fashioned blotting paper—imprinted with a pastel flower design for public Ladies' Rooms, and hunting scenes for Men's Rooms. It was developed to accompany a less successful Rest Room invention: the blower-type hand dryer that doesn't really dry hands. Now, five to ten seconds of leaning against the absorbant wallpaper will complete the tedious job easily.

TURN INDICATOR STEERING WHEEL SYNCHRONIZER

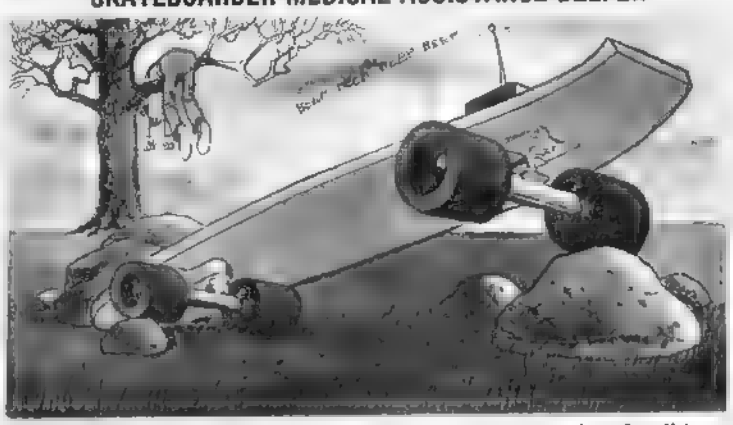


This new safety device comes as a welcomed blessing to the motorist sick and tired of confronting drivers who either turn without signalling, or blithely cruise straight ahead through intersections with their turn signals flashing. The synchronizer consists of touch steel connecting rods which force the wheels to take the car where the driver indicates he's going, even when he doesn't really plan to go that way.

AUTOMATIC DOOR-OPENER WARNING

Ending years of embarrassment for shoppers who needlessly reach out to push open supermarket doors just before they open automatically, this clever device helps patrons avoid feeling foolish. The gadget operates on the same principle as the door-opener itself, but it detects approaching shoppers far enough away to warn them against making chumps of themselves by reaching out and pushing against empty space.

SKATEBOARDER MEDICAL ASSISTANCE BEEPER

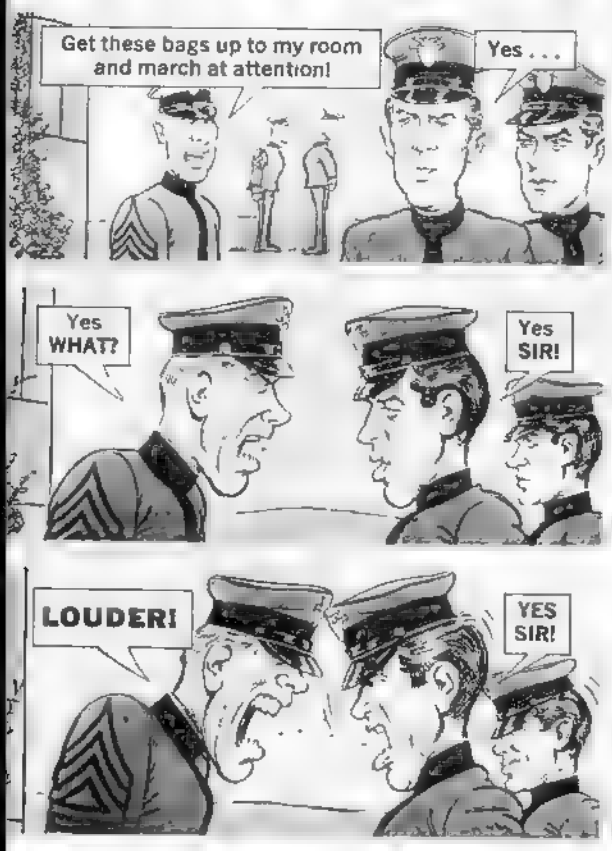


Radar technology has made this new safety device feasible. It accurately measures the distance that skateboarders are hurled through the air following clumsy accidents, and then alerts paramedics by beeper when the victim has been tossed more than 20 feet. A deluxe model is offered that beeps an orthopedic specialist when the body is thrown more than 50 feet, or pages a mortician when it exceeds one city block.

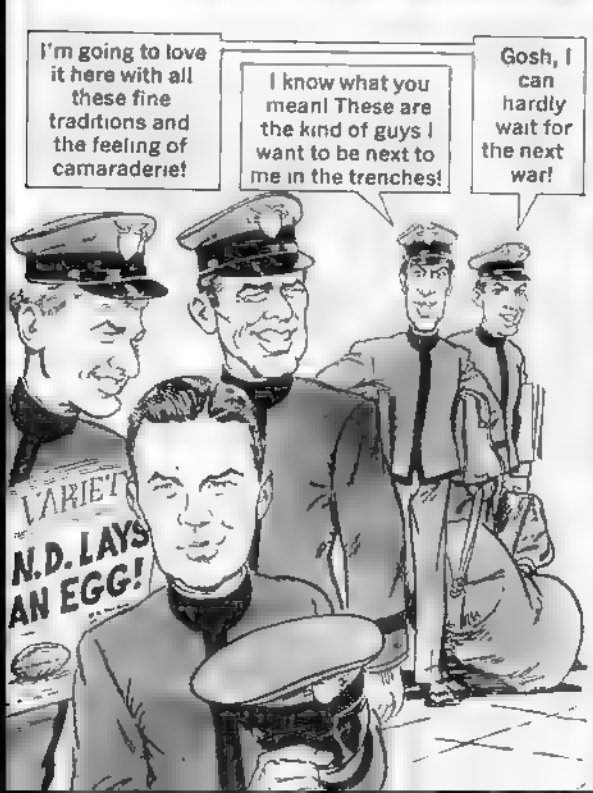
With all the scandals that have rocked such "ivory pure" institutions as West Point of late, one cannot help but recall the innocence of those starry-eyed, clean-cut cadets of old Military Academy movies like in this MAD version of

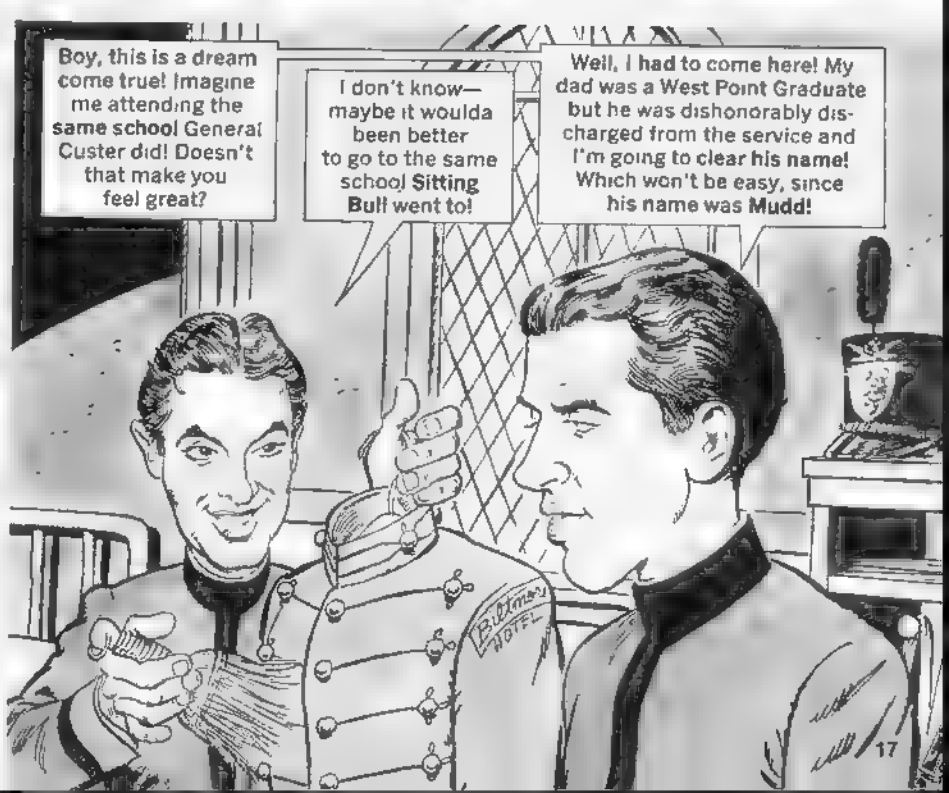
THE OLD GRAY LINE

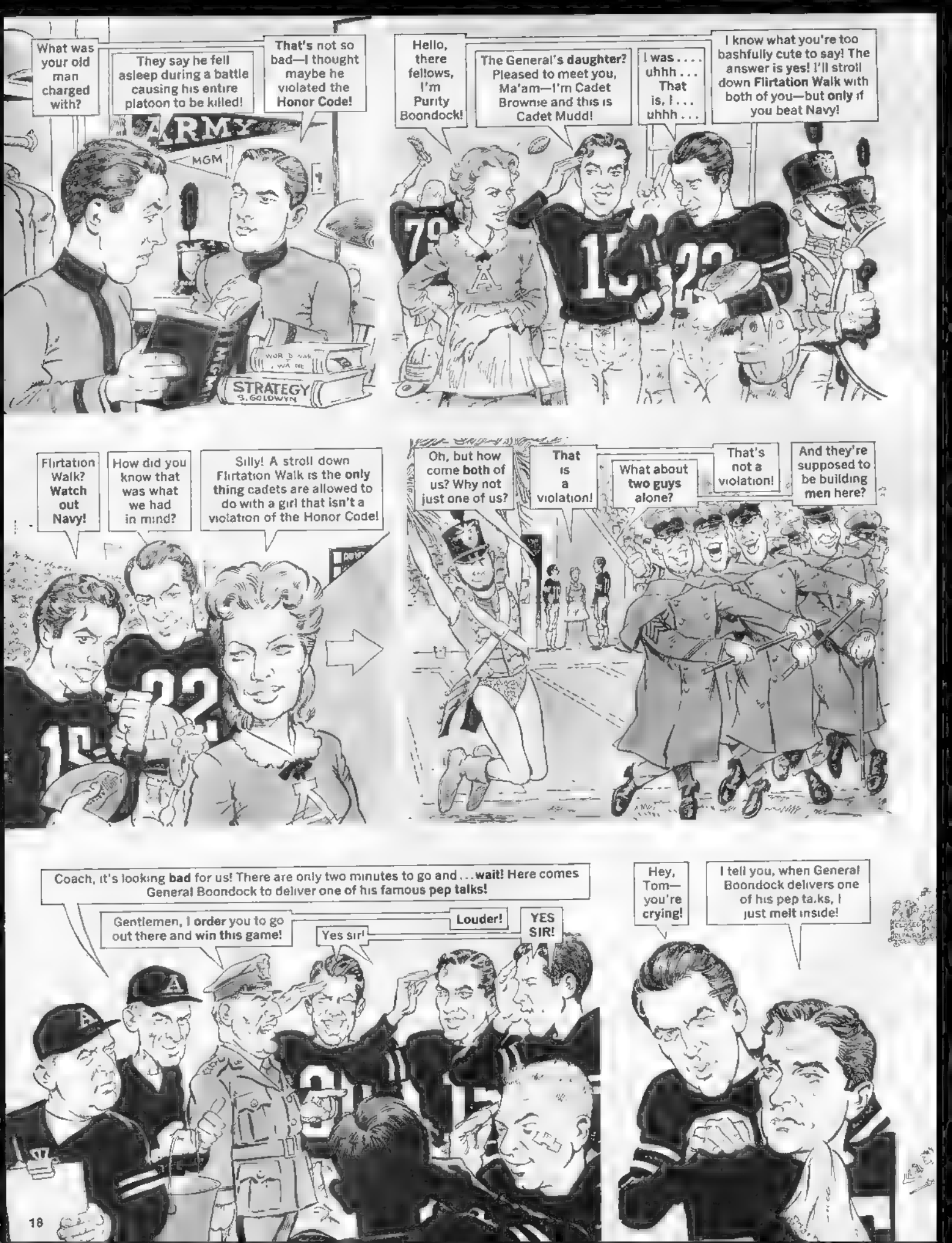
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

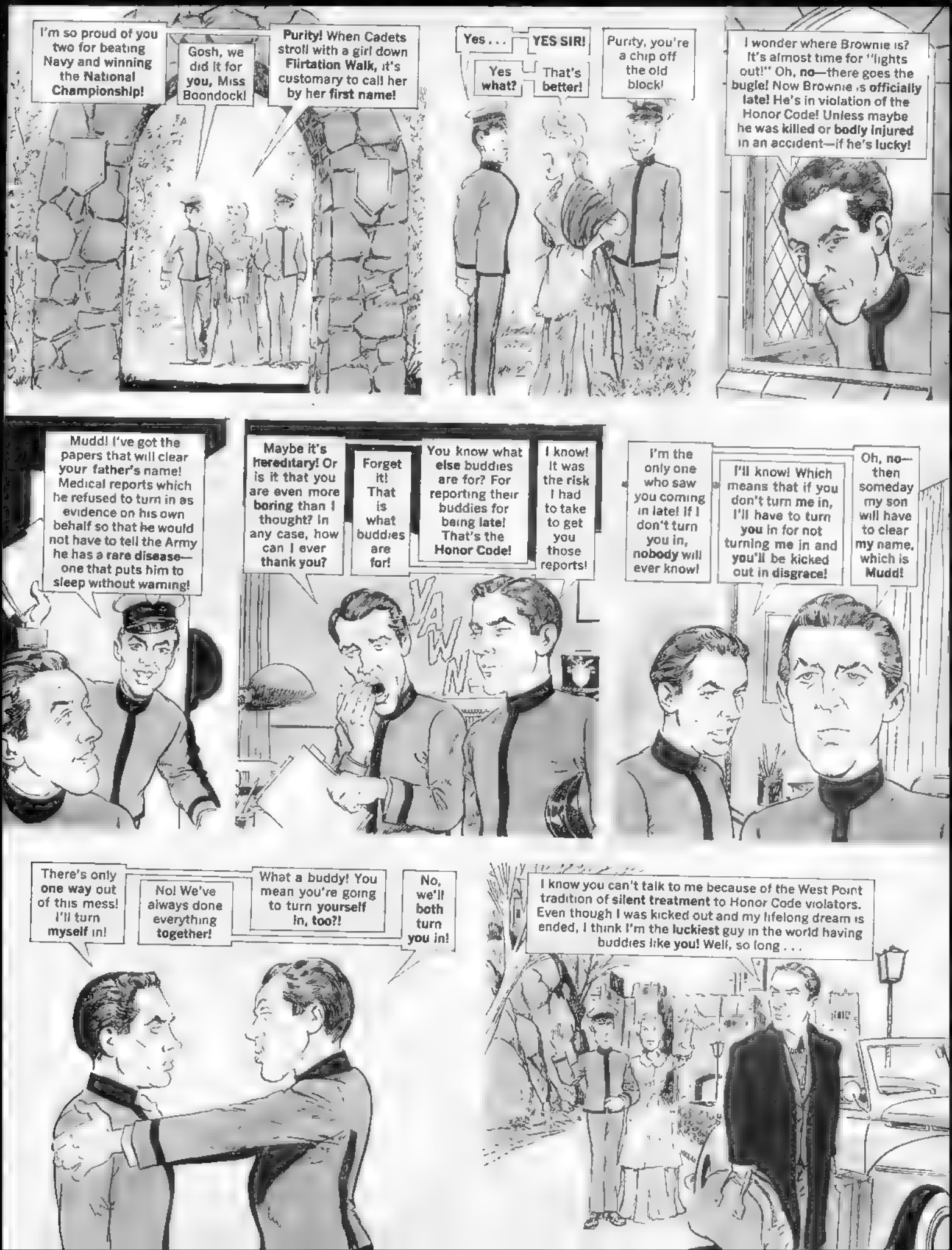


How come they're not hazing that plebe?
He's colored! It's a new West Point tradition that no one speaks to a colored cadet for his first two years!
What was the old tradition?
That there were no colored cadets at West Point to begin with!
Now that's what I call progress!
torres


I'm going to love it here with all these fine traditions and the feeling of camaraderie!
I know what you mean! These are the kind of guys I want to be next to me in the trenches!
Gosh, I can hardly wait for the next war!
VARIETY
N.D. LAYS AN EGG!


Boy, this is a dream come true! Imagine me attending the same school General Custer did! Doesn't that make you feel great?
I don't know—maybe it woulda been better to go to the same school Sitting Bull went to!
Well, I had to come here! My dad was a West Point Graduate but he was dishonorably discharged from the service and I'm going to clear his name! Which won't be easy, since his name was Mudd!
Biltmore HOTEL


What was your old man charged with?
They say he fell asleep during a battle causing his entire platoon to be killed!
That's not so bad—I thought maybe he violated the Honor Code!
ARMY
MGM
STRATEGY
S. GOLDWYN
Hello, there fellows, I'm Purity Boondock!
The General's daughter? Pleased to meet you, Ma'am—I'm Cadet Brownie and this is Cadet Mudd!
I was . . . . uhhh . . . That is, I . . . uhhh . . .
I know what you're too bashfully cute to say! The answer is yes! I'll stroll down Flirtation Walk with both of you—but only if you beat Navy!
Flirtation Walk? Watch out Navy!
How did you know that was what we had in mind?
Silly! A stroll down Flirtation Walk is the only thing cadets are allowed to do with a girl that isn't a violation of the Honor Code!
Oh, but how come both of us? Why not just one of us?
That is a violation!
What about two guys alone?
That's not a violation!
And they're supposed to be building men here?
Coach, it's looking bad for us! There are only two minutes to go and . . . wait! Here comes General Boondock to deliver one of his famous pep talks!
Gentlemen, I order you to go out there and win this game!
Yes sir!
Louder!
YES SIR!
Hey, Tom—you're crying!
I tell you, when General Boondock delivers one of his pep talks, I just melt inside!

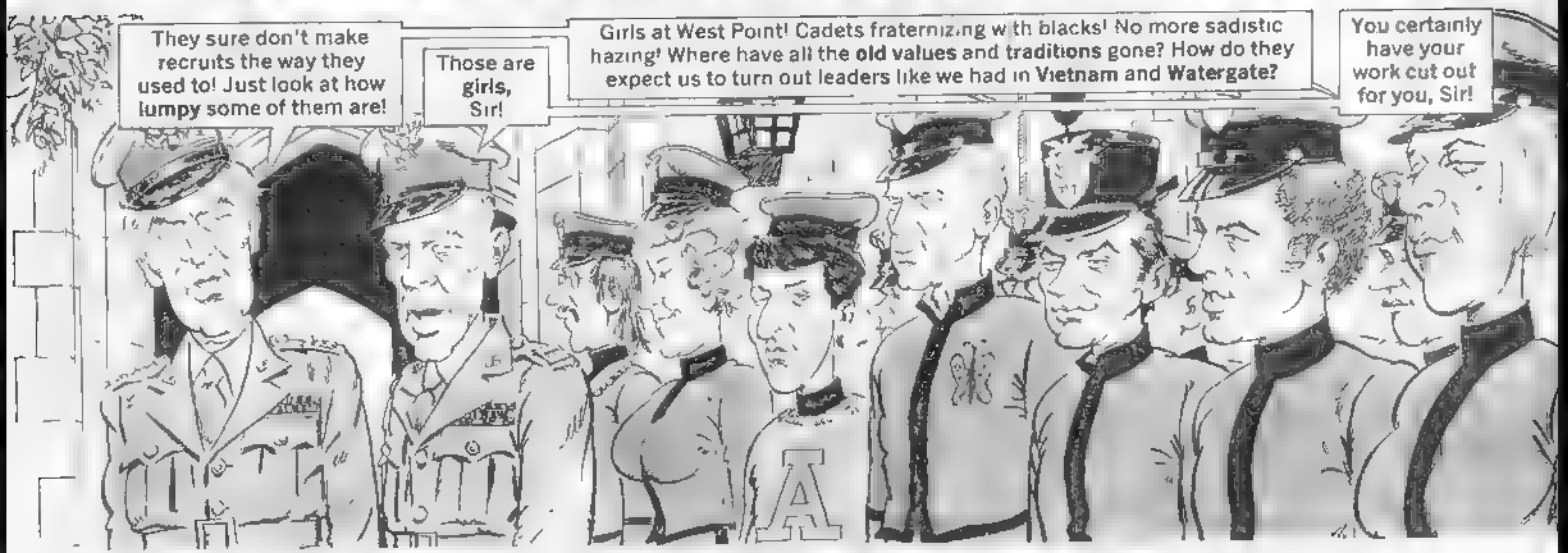

I'm so proud of you two for beating Navy and winning the National Championship!
Gosh, we did it for you, Miss Boondock!
Purity! When Cadets stroll with a girl down Flirtation Walk, it's customary to call her by her first name!
Yes . . .
YES SIR!
Yes what?
That's better!
Purity, you're a chip off the old block!
I wonder where Brownie is? It's almost time for "lights out!" Oh, no—there goes the bugle! Now Brownie is officially late! He's in violation of the Honor Code! Unless maybe he was killed or bodily injured in an accident—if he's lucky!
Mudd! I've got the papers that will clear your father's name! Medical reports which he refused to turn in as evidence on his own behalf so that he would not have to tell the Army he has a rare disease—one that puts him to sleep without warning!
Maybe it's hereditary! Or is it that you are even more boring than I thought? In any case, how can I ever thank you?
Forget it! That is what buddies are for!
You know what else buddies are for? For reporting their buddies for being late! That's the Honor Code!
I know! It was the risk I had to take to get you those reports!
YAWN
I'm the only one who saw you coming in late! If I don't turn you in, nobody will ever know!
I'll know! Which means that if you don't turn me in, I'll have to turn you in for not turning me in and you'll be kicked out in disgrace!
Oh, no—then someday my son will have to clear my name, which is Mudd!
There's only one way out of this mess! I'll turn myself in!
No! We've always done everything together!
What a buddy! You mean you're going to turn yourself in, too?!
No, we'll both turn you in!
I know you can't talk to me because of the West Point tradition of silent treatment to Honor Code violators. Even though I was kicked out and my lifelong dream is ended, I think I'm the luckiest guy in the world having buddies like you! Well, so long . . .

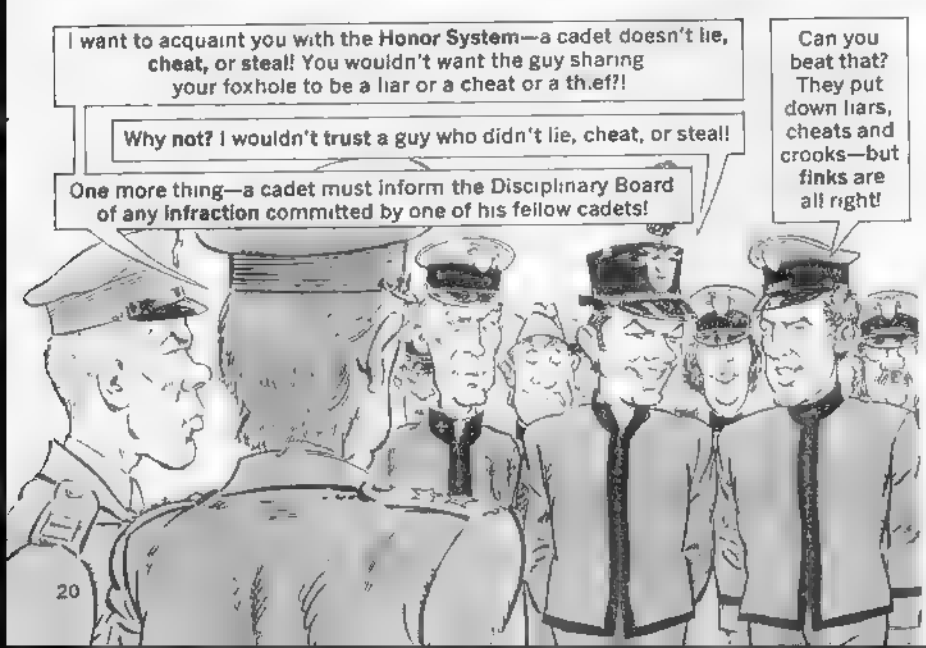
He was a good friend!
Yeah, he was "Army" all the way!
What'll he do now?
Well, he was accepted in med.cal school. I know it's a step down, but he'll just have to settle for treating the sick and discovering cures for fatal diseases!
Oh, Gawd! The poor guy . . .
9W

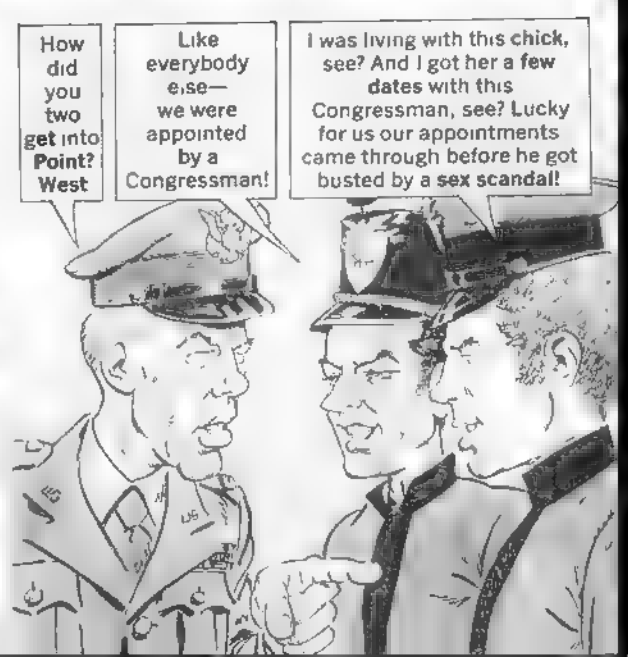
"POINT" OF DISORDER DEPT.

Well, now that the military academies have changed, so should the movies about them. So lower your standards and leave your values on the shelf as we now plunge into MAD's updated version of . . .

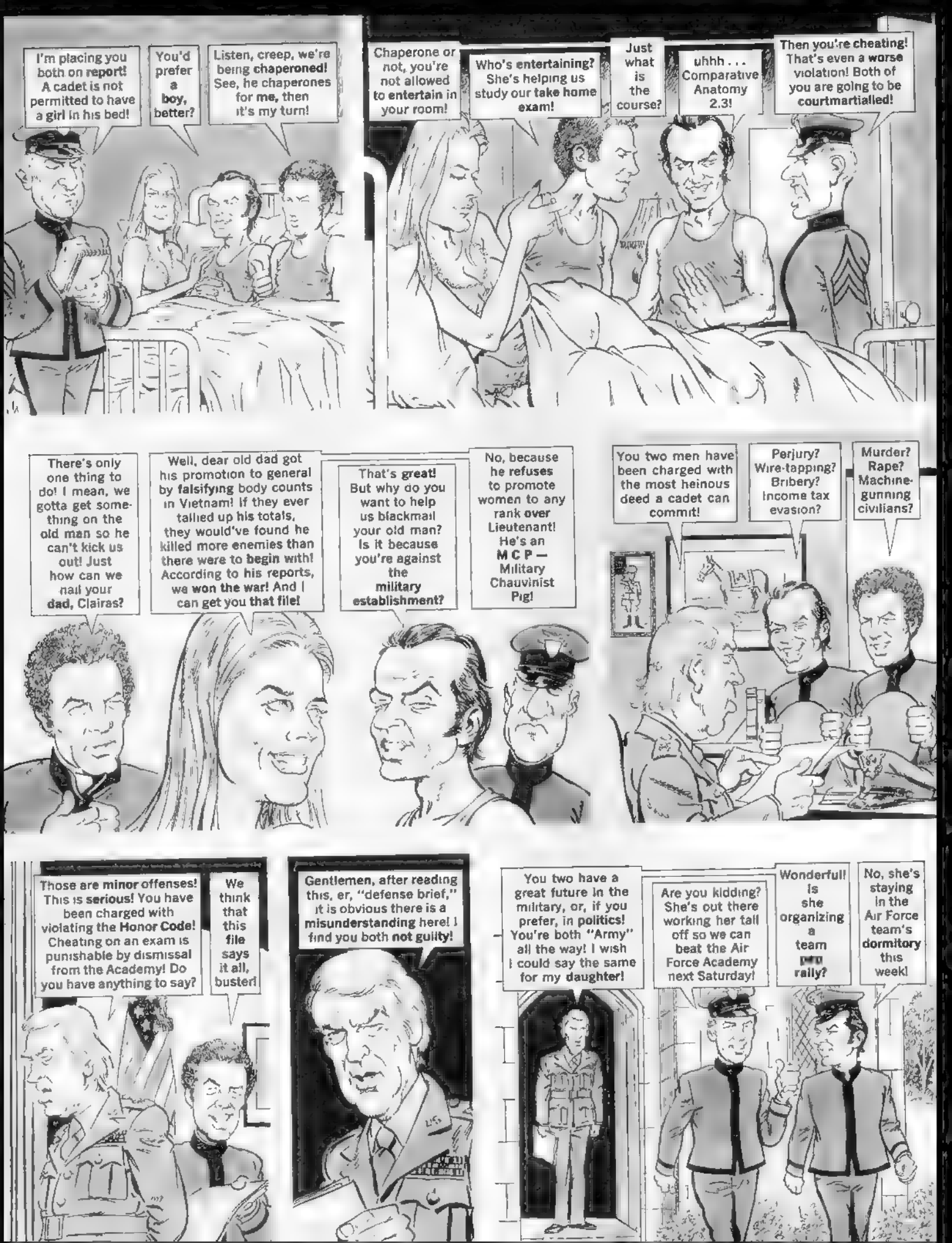
THE NEW GRAY LINE


They sure don't make recruits the way they used to! Just look at how lumpy some of them are!
Those are girls, Sir!
Girls at West Point! Cadets fraternizing with blacks! No more sadistic hazing! Where have all the old values and traditions gone? How do they expect us to turn out leaders like we had in Vietnam and Watergate?
You certainly have your work cut out for you, Sir!

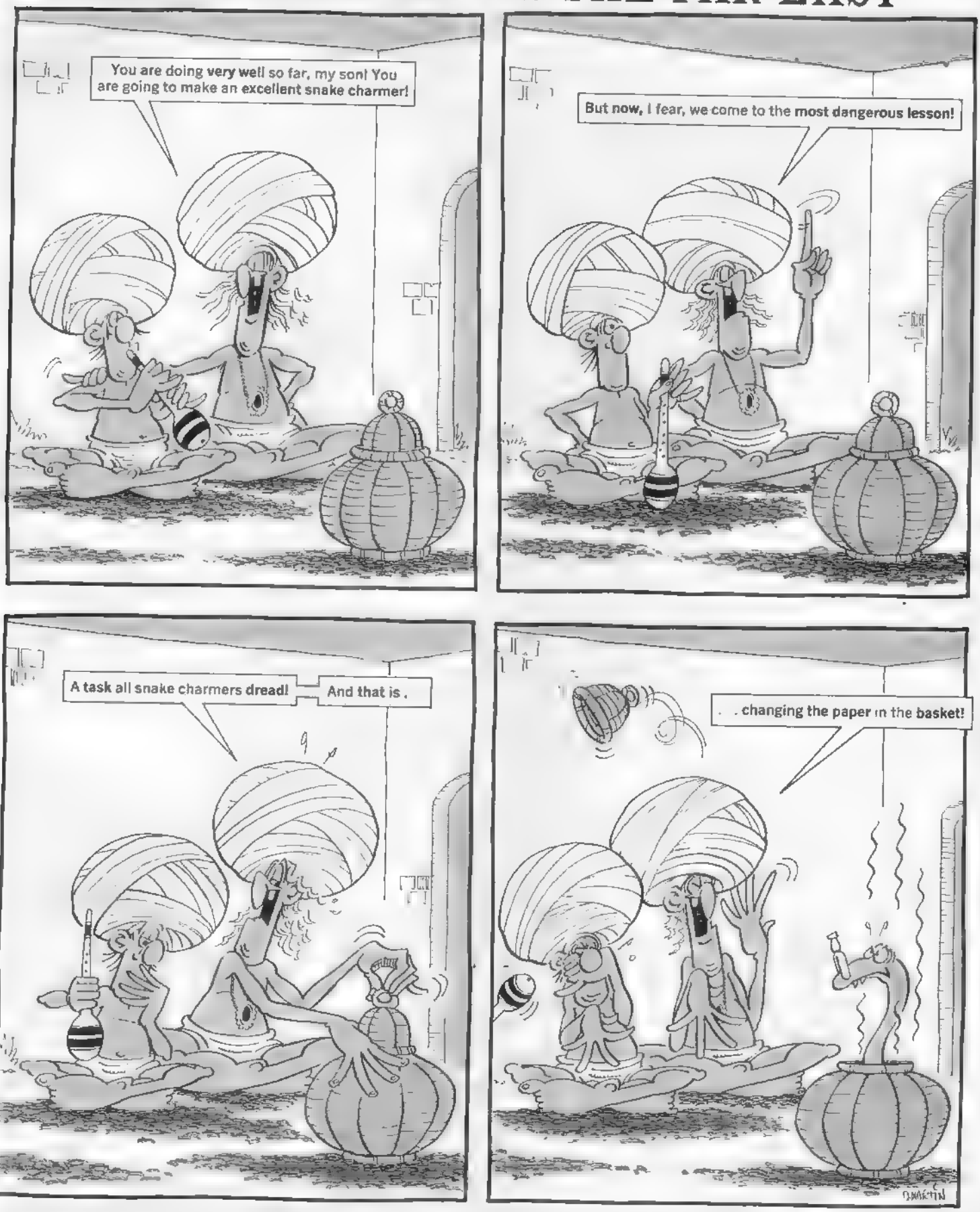

I want to acquaint you with the Honor System—a cadet doesn't lie, cheat, or steal! You wouldn't want the guy sharing your foxhole to be a liar or a cheat or a thief?!
Why not? I wouldn't trust a guy who didn't lie, cheat, or steal!
One more thing—a cadet must inform the Disciplinary Board of any infraction committed by one of his fellow cadets!
Can you beat that? They put down liars, cheats and crooks—but finks are all right!


How did you two get into West Point?
Like everybody else—we were appointed by a Congressman!
I was living with this chick, see? And I got her a few dates with this Congressman, see? Lucky for us our appointments came through before he got busted by a sex scandal!

Man, this place is a drag! What made you decide to come here?
It's the only school around that guarantees its graduates a lifetime job with loads of fringe benefits! Being an officer in the peacetime army is a piece of cake!
But what if there's a war?!?
Then I'll resign!
NEW PALTZ
JUNE
Think we can take Navy?
The law of averages is on our side—we haven't won a game all year!
Neither have they! If we win this game we'll be ranked #399!
And if we lose we'll be #400!
Hi, I'm the General's daughter, Clairas Mudd!
You must dig football?!
No, just football players!
Star quarterbacks, I'll bet . . .
No, the defensive line!
What's your favorite position?
I like 'em all!
Are we talking about the same thing?
Let's go to your room and find out!
Men, I usually don't give pep talks, but this game is something special! Millions of Americans will be watching you—their future leaders and officers! A famous general once said, "The way you perform on the playing field today is the way you'll perform on the battlefield tomorrow!"
No wonder we blew it in Vietnam!
You guys really got creamed 40 to nothing!
As a famous general once said—"It's not how you play the game, but how you cover the point spread that counts!" I made a killing!
ATTEN--HUTT!!
Do we have to stand, or can we just lie here at attention?


I'm placing you both on report! A cadet is not permitted to have a girl in his bed!
You'd prefer a boy, better?
Listen, creep, we're being chaperoned! See, he chaperones for me, then it's my turn!
Chaperone or not, you're not allowed to entertain in your room!
Who's entertaining? She's helping us study our take home exam!
Just what is the course?
uhhh . . . Comparative Anatomy 2.3!
Then you're cheating! That's even a worse violation! Both of you are going to be courtmartialled!
There's only one thing to do! I mean, we gotta get something on the old man so he can't kick us out! Just how can we nail your dad, Clairas?
Well, dear old dad got his promotion to general by falsifying body counts in Vietnam! If they ever tallied up his totals, they would've found he killed more enemies than there were to begin with! According to his reports, we won the war! And I can get you that file!
That's great! But why do you want to help us blackmail your old man? Is it because you're against the military establishment?
No, because he refuses to promote women to any rank over Lieutenant! He's an M C P — Military Chauvinist Pig!
You two men have been charged with the most heinous deed a cadet can commit!
Perjury? Wire-tapping? Bribery? Income tax evasion?
Murder? Rape? Machine-gunning civilians?
Those are minor offenses! This is serious! You have been charged with violating the Honor Code! Cheating on an exam is punishable by dismissal from the Academy! Do you have anything to say?
We think that this file says it all, buster!
Gentlemen, after reading this, er, "defense brief," it is obvious there is a misunderstanding here! I find you both not guilty!
You two have a great future in the military, or, if you prefer, in politics! You're both "Army" all the way! I wish I could say the same for my daughter!
Are you kidding? She's out there working her tail off so we can beat the Air Force Academy next Saturday!
Wonderful! Is she organizing a team pep rally?
No, she's staying in the Air Force team's dormitory this week!

ONE AFTERNOON IN THE FAR EAST


You are doing very well so far, my son! You are going to make an excellent snake charmer!
But now, I fear, we come to the most dangerous lesson!
A task all snake charmers dread!
And that is .
. . changing the paper in the basket!
DMARTIN

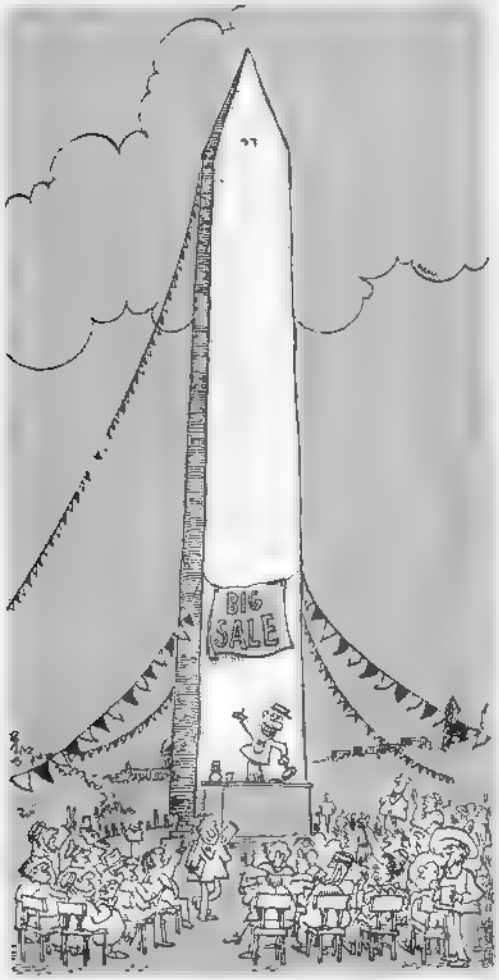
EDIFICE WRECKS DEPT.

Out in Lake Havasu City, Arizona, the London Bridge—formerly of London, England—has been re-erected and now serves as a tourist attraction. In Long Beach, California, one of the world's great ocean liners, the Queen Mary, has been permanently moored, also for the benefit of tourists. And recently, a real estate firm in Missouri attempted to purchase England's

THE MAD SALE OF EX PROPERTIES, LANDMA

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT



DRESS UP any metropolitan area with this distinctive 555-foot high marble obelisk. Since 1885, it has dominated the Washington, D.C. skyline as a towering testimonial to both George Washington and to the ideals of honesty, integrity and selflessness which he embodied. The deterioration and ultimate disappearance of these qualities among contemporary lawmakers, however, had rendered the monument obsolete. Thus, today, it merely serves as a painful conscience-goader for American politicians.

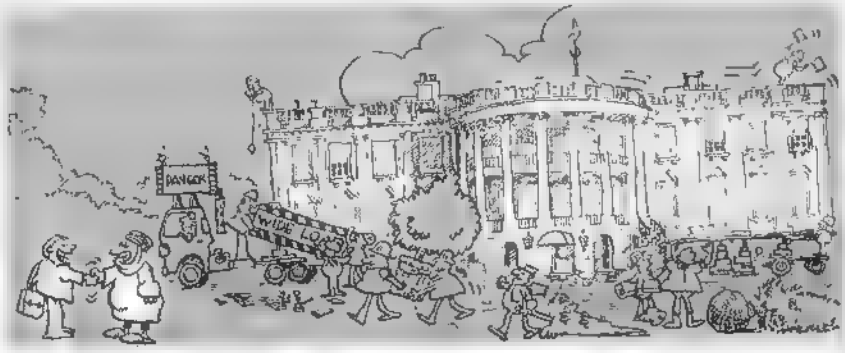
PRICED TO SELL AT ONLY . . $17,750,000

ALCATRAZ

MAXIMUM SECURITY ATTRACTION, ANYONE? Once the "Pearl of the U.S. Penal System", Alcatraz no longer houses convicted criminals, since most felons today either go scot-free or prefer accommodations nearer their literary agents while they work on their autobiographies, etc. This "Slammer Supreme" is a one-of-a-kind property and an ideal stop for tourists in high crime areas. Included are dining facilities, cell blocks, exercise grounds, solitary confinement sections—**plus**—the world famous "big cage"...once occupied by the Birdman of Alcatraz himself

YOURS FOR A SONG AT ONLY $7,500,000

THE WHITE HOUSE



RONALD REAGAN SLEPT HERE! But not for long, after he learned that heating and cooling costs alone for this historic barn of a home was increasing the National Debt by 1.5% annually. So the cost-conscious Chief Executive, who set examples of frugality by first selling the Presidential Yacht, and later hiring out the Presidential Honor Band to play at weddings and bar mitzvahs on weekends, has decided that the upkeep at this Pennsylvania Ave. address is more than the U.S. can afford. The First Family has re-located in a modest but comfortable motel in Alexandria, Virginia, and the famous White House will be delivered safely to any location in the nation of your choice.

PRICE? NO WHITE-WASH HERE AT ONLY $4,250,000

historic Victoria Station so it could be moved to Kansas City and turned into a shopping mall. Considering our country's current balance of trade payments deficit, maybe we should take a lesson from the English and pick up some badly-needed foreign bucks by following suit and unloading some of our less-than-essential national landmarks and properties. Here, then, is

PENDABLE AMERICAN RKS AND MONUMENTS

WRITER: DENNIS SNEE

THE SAINT LOUIS ARCH

THE CITY FATHERS of St. Louis, Missouri, hated putting this impressive landmark on the market, but after their unsuccessful court battle over trademark infringement with McDonald's Hamburger Corp., they were forced to. So why not turn St. Louis's loss into your city's gain with this bargain buy? You aren't likely to find another architectural attraction like this at any price. "You deserve a break today," and at this low, low price you're getting one!

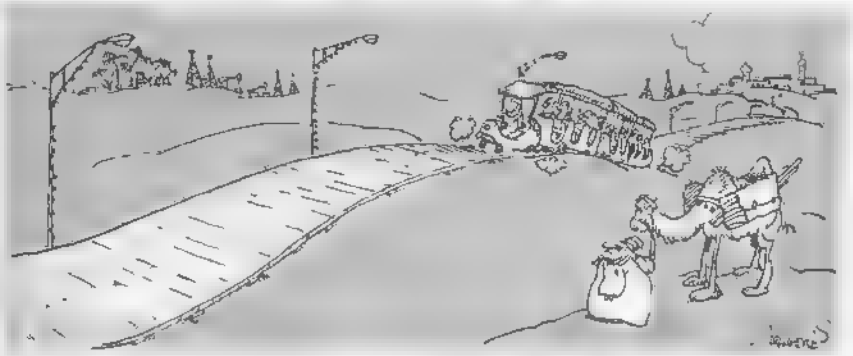
GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY AT . $3,250,000

THE ASTRODOME

IT'LL NEVER RAIN ON YOUR PARADE—or sporting event, either—once you take delivery on this spectacular climate-controlled arena. Texans don't like being topped...and since New Orleans one-upped them by building a bigger "dome" the powers that be in Houston have elected to let their Astrodome go, and concentrate on their next "super" achievement...enclosing Texas! But in the meantime, you can close in on this unbeatable Texas-size bargain.

YOURS TODAY FOR A PALTRY..... $15,500,000

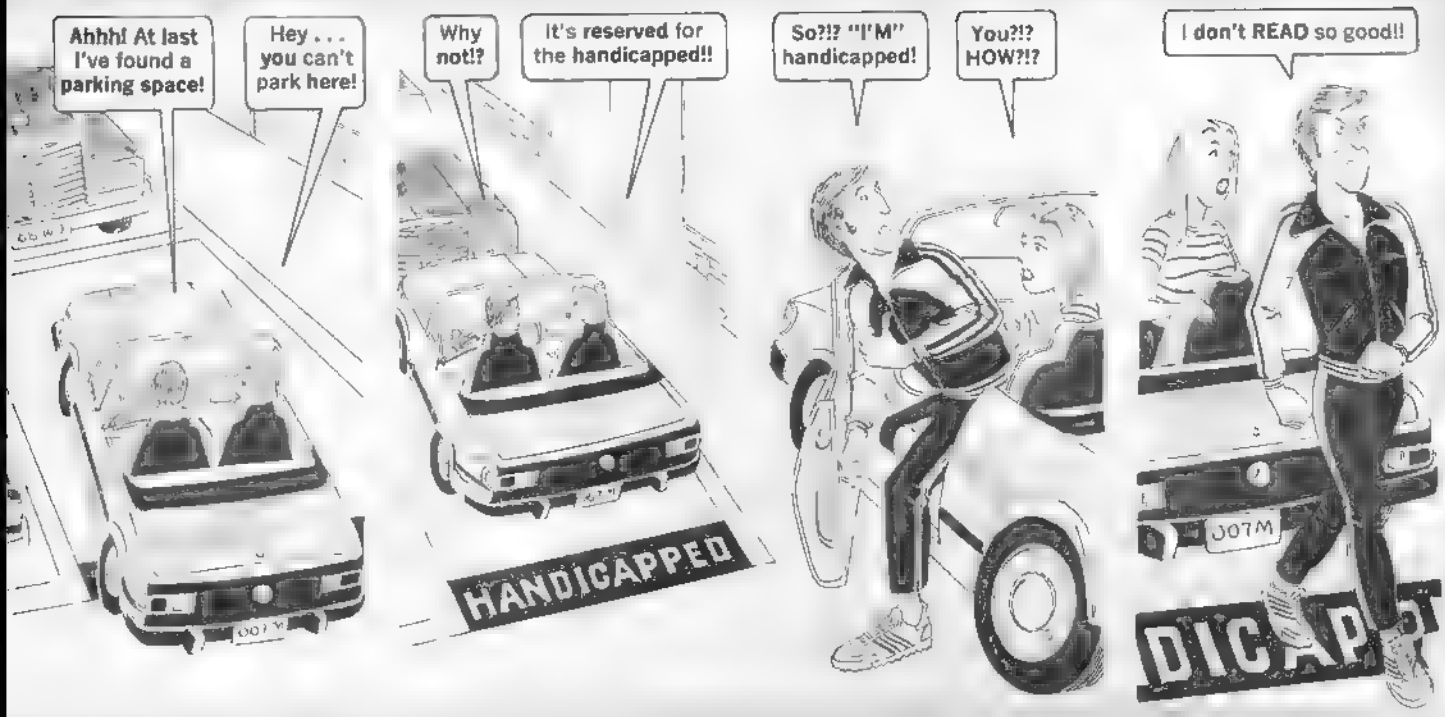
THE BOARDWALK



PUT AWAY YOUR MONOPOLY MONEY AND LET'S TALK DOLLARS on this famous 7-mile stretch of Atlantic City ocean-front walkway. Always synonymous with successful restaurants, stores, boutiques and other tourist diversions, why not let this famous Boardwalk do the same for your slumping business district? With the advent of legalized gambling in Atlantic City, a new breed of visitors are finding the old wooden Boardwalk ill-suited for their needs. Syndicate "Helpers" constantly require fresh cement in which to dispose of undesirable elements, and "Doorway Debutantes" find it difficult to walk a "street" in which they can catch their heels in gaps between the boards. Therefore, a new, all-concrete sidewalk will replace the famous old Boardwalk just as soon as we can find a buyer for it at our absurdly low, low asking price.

YOURS NOW FOR A BREEZY $1,350,000

PARKING



BERG's-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

THE CAR

Dad . . . can I borrow the car?
Why? Where are you going . . . ?
Down to the pizza joint!
WHAT?!? Four short blocks?! That's within walking distance!! Boy, this generation is spoiled rotten!!
Do you know why God gave you two feet?!
Sure I do!
The right one's for stepping on the gas and the left one's for stepping on the brake!!
53

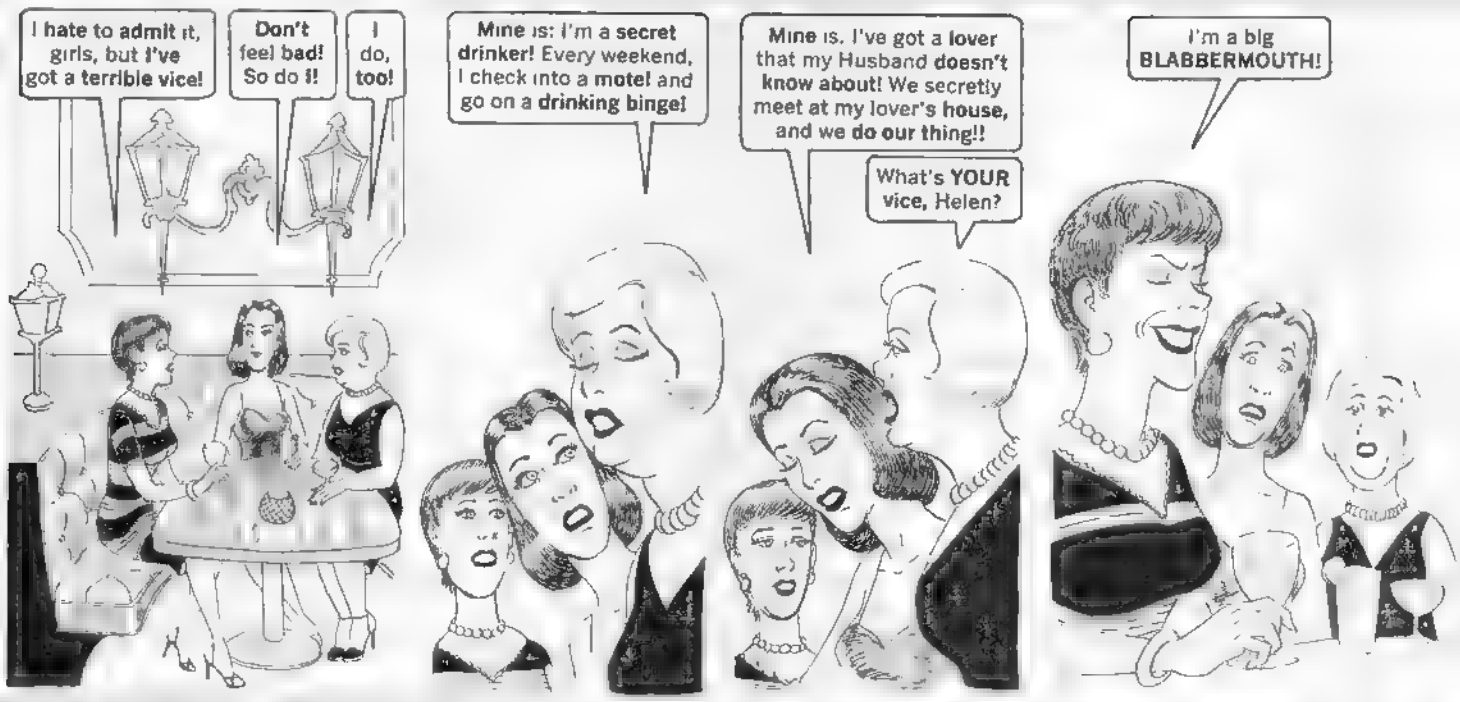
GRANDPARENTS

WAAA!
Tommy . . . you stop throwing a tantrum this instant!!
If you'll be quiet, Tommy, Grandma and Grandpa will give you a PRESENT!
Okay!
I'll be quiet!
Great! You come here once a month and bring him a present, and all of a sudden, you're the good guys, and I'm the heavy! Thanks!
YOU'RE NOT DOING ME ANY FAVORS, SPOILING MY CHILD LIKE THAT!
We've got a present for YOU TOO!
Okay!
I'll be quiet!

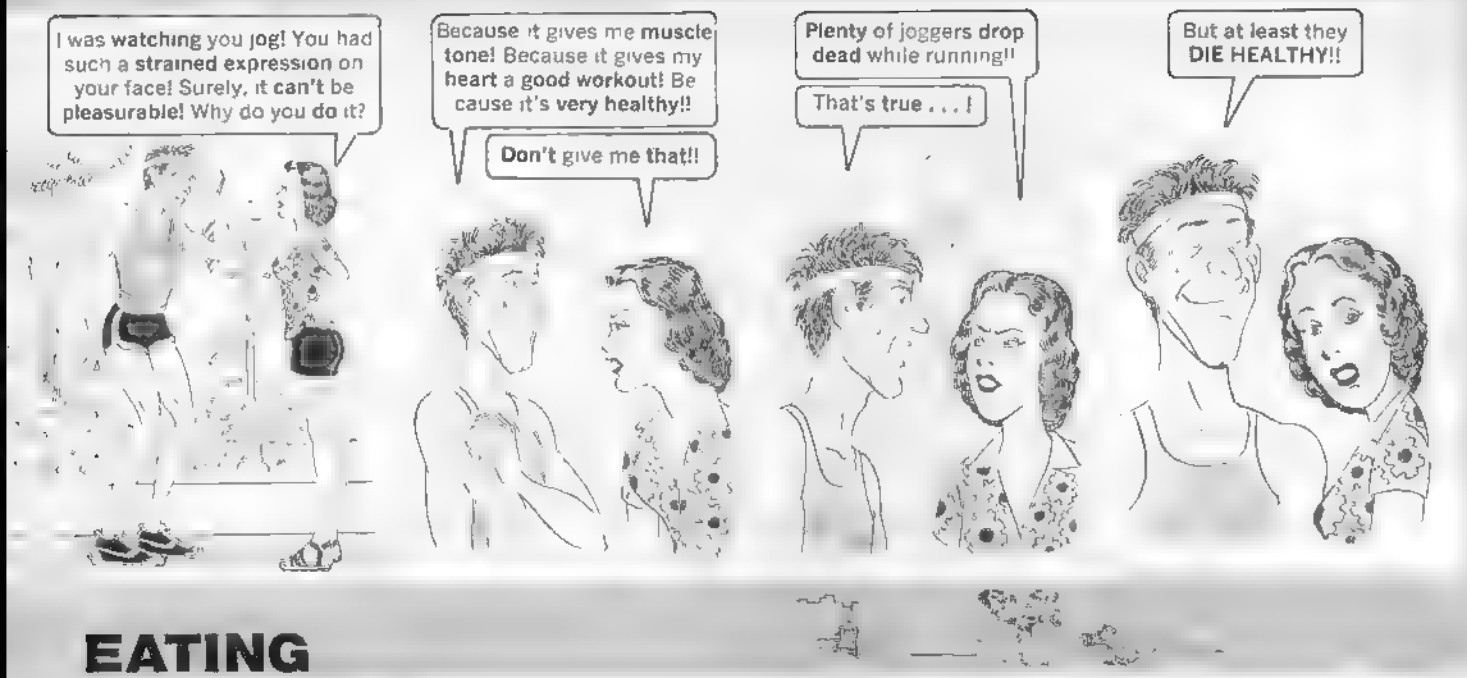
R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER.
DAVE BERG

CONFESSIONS


I hate to admit it, girls, but I've got a terrible vice!
Don't feel bad! So do I!
I do, too!
Mine is: I'm a secret drinker! Every weekend, I check into a motel and go on a drinking binge!
Mine is. I've got a lover that my Husband doesn't know about! We secretly meet at my lover's house, and we do our thing!!
What's YOUR vice, Helen?
I'm a big BLABBERMOUTH!

JOGGING

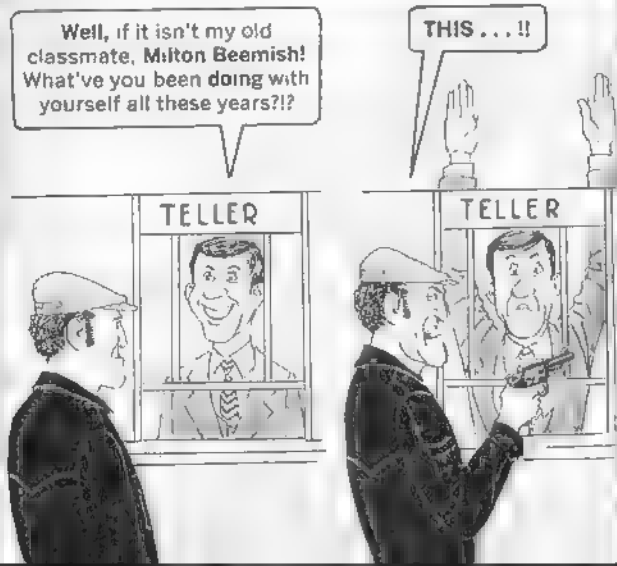

I was watching you jog! You had such a strained expression on your face! Surely, it can't be pleasurable! Why do you do it?
Because it gives me muscle tone! Because it gives my heart a good workout! Because it's very healthy!!
Don't give me that!!
Plenty of joggers drop dead while running!!
That's true . . . !
But at least they DIE HEALTHY!!

EATING

EAT YOUR SPINACH!
NO!!
Do as your Mother tells you! EAT YOUR SPINACH!! Understand?! Then you'll grow up to be BIG and STRONG!!
Okay! Okay! I'll EAT your spinach! And I'll GROW UP to be big and strong!!
And then I'll TELL you both what you can DO with your lousy spinach!!

DANCING

REUNIONS



OLD FRIENDS

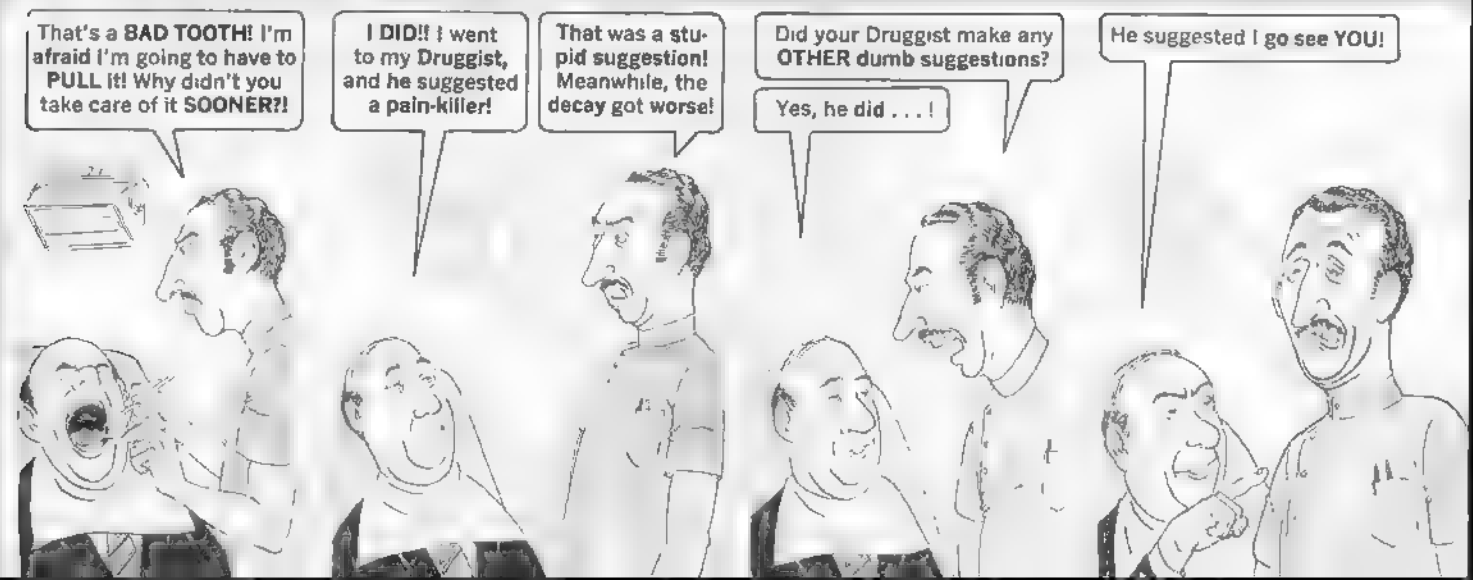
I met a friend I haven't seen in over twenty years . . . and she said I didn't look one day older!
And what did you say, Grandma?
I lied TOO!!

THE ECONOMY

HOSPITALITY

What an interesting couch!!
It's not only good-looking, but it's very practical . . . in case we get some unexpected company!
Practical?? In what way?
It DOESN'T CONVERT to a BED!

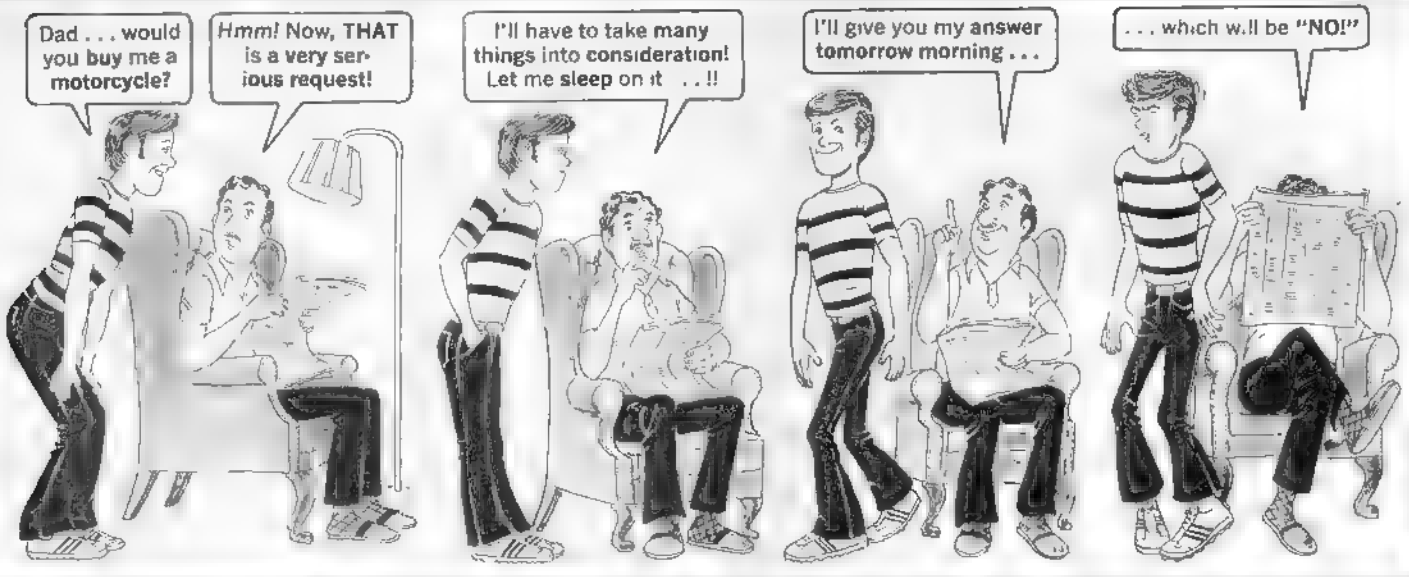
THE DENTIST


That's a BAD TOOTH! I'm afraid I'm going to have to PULL it! Why didn't you take care of it SOONER?!
I DID!! I went to my Druggist, and he suggested a pain-killer!
That was a stupid suggestion! Meanwhile, the decay got worse!
Did your Druggist make any OTHER dumb suggestions?
Yes, he did . . . !
He suggested I go see YOU!

RELATIONSHIPS

I'm a big NOTHING!
How can you SAY that? You're surrounded by people who LOVE YOU!!
I can't imagine WHY! I'm not as good-looking as the rest of you! I'm not as smart as the rest of you! I haven't got as much money as the rest of you!
I can't do ANYTHING as well as the rest of you!
THAT's why we LOVE you!

TEENAGERS

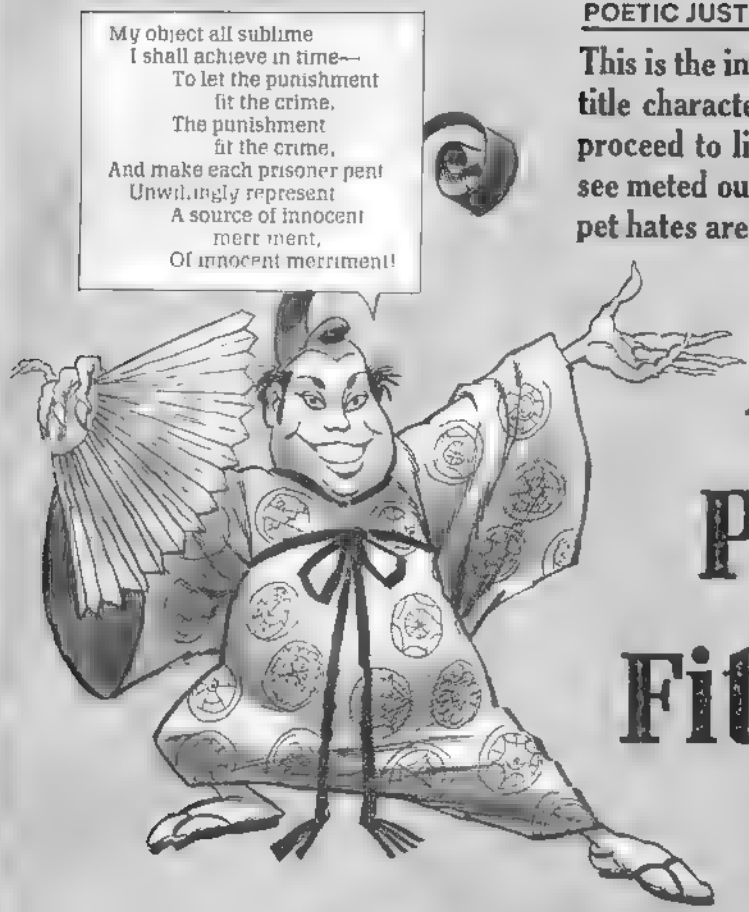

Dad . . . would you buy me a motorcycle?
Hmm! Now, THAT is a very serious request!
I'll have to take many things into consideration! Let me sleep on it . . !!
I'll give you my answer tomorrow morning . . .
. . . which will be "NO!"

MEALS

POETIC JUSTICE DEPT.

This is the introductory verse to an amusing song performed by the title character in "The Mikado." In it, Gilbert and Sullivan then proceed to list their pet hates and the punishments they'd like to see meted out. But since 'The Mikado' was written in 1885, those pet hates are now outdated. Which is why MAD feels it's time for

A "Let The Punishment Fit The Crime" Up-Date



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: MICHAEL J. SNIDER

Our project's aimed at each
Deserving social leech;
We'll make the penalty
fit the breach,
The penalty
fit the breach;
For ev'ry reprobate
We'll coldly calculate,
And give a specially-
fitting fate,
A specially-fitting fate!

The Nuclear Power Apologists who
call all our fears unbased:
Their attics and basements
Will serve as encasements
For radioactive waste!

The greedy Professional Athlete
whose salary hikes never cease:
A turnstile he's chained to
So he can explain to
Fans why admissions increase!

The Reckless Driving Highway Clod
who has to be finally checked:
He'll learn pain and grief well
On some cloverleaf hell
Where all the exits connect!

The Disco Freak in public places
whose giant tape-player blares:
His tapes, we will loot them
And then substitute them
With hymns and Irish folk airs!

Our project so decreed
Is all but guaranteed
To make the penalty
fit the deed,
The penalty
fit the deed;
And ev'ry crime will be
An opportunity
To try a little
frivolity,
A little frivolity!

The Sidewalk Roller Skating Creep
who knocks you right off your feet:
We'll force him to travel
O'er pot holes and gravel
While cab-dodging in the street!

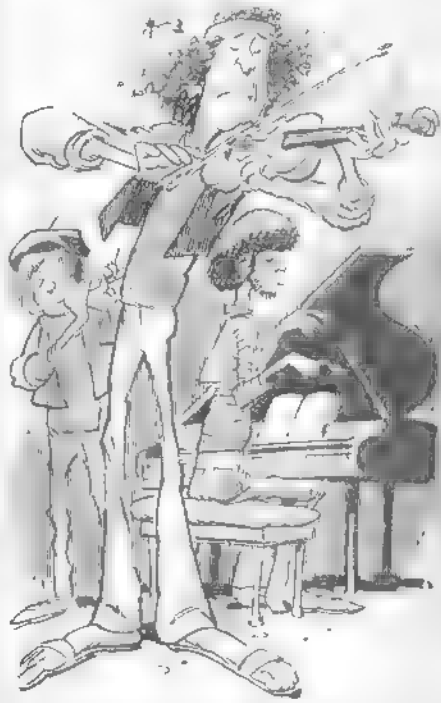
Our project will suffice
To make them pay the price,
To make the penalty
fit the vice,
The penalty fit the vice;
What better way to go—
To stem the shameful flow—
Then make their come-uppance
a propos,
Their come uppance apropos!

The rabid White Supremacist
whose tolerance really rots:
We'll gather their legions
And ship them to regions
Like Harlem and Hough and Watts!

The Over-Spending Bureaucrat
whose budget's destined to bust:
His debts, we've enacted
Will all be contracted
To "Mafia Loan & Trust"!

The preaching Religious Fanatics
who babble, chatter and stare:
They'll all be sequestered
And thoroughly pestered
By Madalyn Murray O'Hair!

The Punk Rock Band whose musical
talents obviously don't exist:
They're helped by obtaining
Remedial training
In Beethoven, Brahms and Liszt!



The sneaky Real Estate Promoters
who change swamps into gold:
We'll only let buy land
Around Three Mile Island
And sell 'til all of it's sold!

The Fiends Who Write Those TV Ads
that have us all revolted:
They'll all meet their doom
In a huge screening room
(Whose doors are locked and bolted!)

We'll make them watch an endless show
of all they've e'er begat:
Every (yecch!) bathtub ring;
Stupid products that sing;
Clod "Whipple" and "Morris The Cat"!

HOW CAN YOU PO

ARTIST: PAUL COKER

. . . a Politician who preaches energy conservation . . . and drives a big gas guzzler!

. . . a Health Food Store clerk . . . who looks like death warmed over!

. . . a Doctor who advises you to stop smoking . . . with a full ash tray on his desk!

. . . the advice of a Dentist . . . who has (yecch) Denture Breath!

. . . a commercial by a top star . . . when you read he got paid $150,000 to make it!

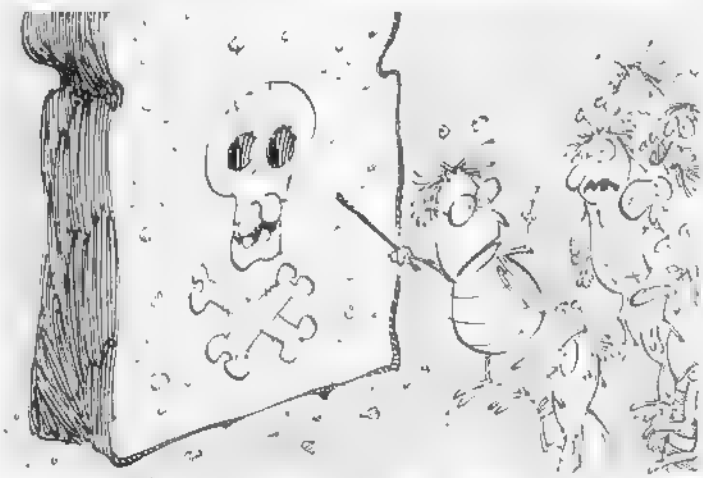
SSIBLY BELIEVE...

WRITER: GEORGE HART

. . . that mastery of a school subject will help you to rise to the top of your chosen field . . . when it's told to you by a teacher who's been in the same dead-end job for 30 years!

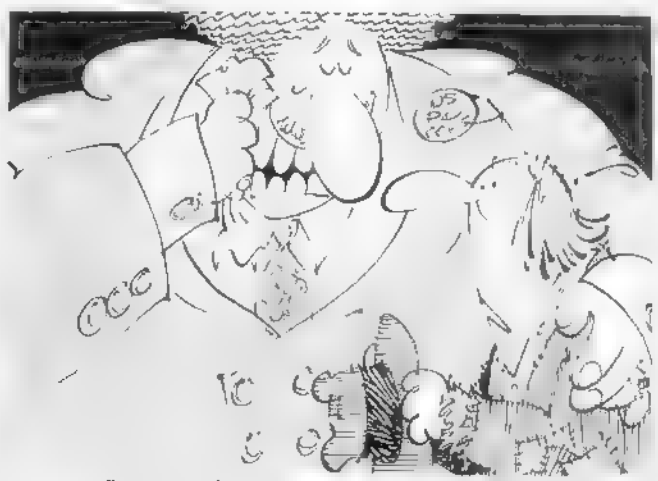
. . . a guy who spends all his time selling a $10 course on "How To Get Rich Playing Blackjack". . . instead of going to Las Vegas and getting rich that way himself!

. . . TV ads that tell you how wonderful milk is . . . when they're paid for by the American Dairy Council!



. . . that white bread can "build strong bodies ten ways". . . when it's so filled with chemicals, even bugs won't eat it!

. . . the United States Government, when it tells you smoking cigarettes is deadly . . . and then subsidizes tobacco growers!



. . . a Senator who's been wealthy all his life . . . and claims that he understands the problems of the poor!

FROM HERO TO THERE-O DEPT.

Several years ago, Thor Heyerdahl crossed the Atlantic in a boat made of reeds. Recently, the first Atlantic crossing in a hot air balloon was accomplished. And, of course, numerous swimmers have attempted to cross previously unconquered stretches of open sea from time to time. These

UNSUNG "CROS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: DENNIS SNEE

NEW YORK CABBIE DRIVES CROSSTOWN WITH NO HORN

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Defying the odds and sneering at tradition, Manhattan cabbie Max Scrimshaw drove from the West Side to the East Side today with the horn of his cab disconnected.

"We always knew Max was a little crazy," commented a fellow cabbie, "but this stunt proves it! Imagine! A cab driver in New York with no horn! What guts!"

With his horn inoperative, Scrimshaw was limited to using physical gestures and verbal abuse on opposing pedestrians and other vehicles during the 2-hour drive

NFL BALLCARRIER CROSSES GOAL LINE AND DOESN'T SPIKE BALL

HOUSTON, TEXAS—Houston Oiler halfback Bobby Joe Bobbyvitch scored a touchdown this afternoon in a game against Cleveland that will long be remembered by football enthusiasts.

The seven-yard drive up the middle was not exceptional in itself, but after crossing the goal line, Bobby Joe refrained from spiking the ball, which is the first time anyone in the NFL has scored without hamming it up in almost nine years.

"I don't know how I managed to stop myself," said an elated Bobby Joe after the game while facing reporters. "Whether it will change the face of the game or not, I just can't say!"

Team mates awarded Bobby the ball at the final gun, and

HOWARD COSELL FIRST TO TALK NON-STOP ON OVERSEAS FLIGHT

LONDON, ENGLAND—Howard Cosell, noted TV personality, set a world's record today, and nearly caused a tragedy in the process. Cosell became the first man in history to make a trans-Atlantic crossing while talking non-stop, and as a result, almost incited the entire First Class Section to riot.

"We watched and listened in morbid fascination," said a shaken Mrs. Hymie Shrineboat, one of the First Class passengers, describing the flight, "but two hours out of New York, we realized we were doomed to a non-stop yapping exhibition by a master of the art."

Asked if he was surprised that he'd accomplished the feat on his first attempt, Cosell responded with a 37-minute oration that said, in essence, "No, I'm not surprised!"

Cosell appeared to suffer no adverse effects from his ordeal, although his vocal chords were tre ated for exhaustion at Heathrow Airport Medical Facility.

Leon Spinks Drives 25 Miles With No Incident

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA —Former Heavyweight Champ Leon Spinks drove his late model Corvette 25 miles today without hitting another auto, losing control of his car, or being charged with a moving violation by an officer of the law

The announcement was made by Spinks's auto insurance company, Lloyds of London, which had previously put the odds of such a feat at 300-to-1. Spinks himself was elated at the achievement. He had completed the 25-mile accident-free drive during a trip to his newly-opened "Leon Spinks School For Free-Lance Orthodontists" which held dedication ceremonies this morning with Spinks as the featured speaker/smiler.

Additional drives by Spinks are scheduled

"crossings" usually make front page news. But, there are equally startling and courageous sojurns that don't! Here's a MAD collection of—

SINGS"

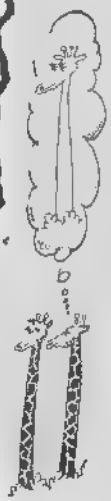
STARLET TAKES PLUNGE!
First To Swim Across Pool Of Movieland Home

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA—Blossoming actress Tanya Tanthighs, 23, became the first person to swim across the pool of her luxurious mansion today.

"The pool here at my mansion had never been swum across before," said a dripping Tanya afterwards. "In fact, it had never been swum in at all! Like most Hollywood pools, it was mostly for show!"

Evidently the actress is right about the lack of use pools receive in the Hollywood area. A recent survey revealed that 88% are solely for status symbol value, 8% are for swimming and recreation, and 4% are for locating the bodies of people who commit suicide when they are unable to meet the mortgage payments on their homes and pools.

"If God didn't want me to swim, He wouldn't have given me this pool—or this fabulous body that looks so delicious in a swim suit," added Ms. Tanthighs. "I only hope this will encourage other pool owners to jump in with



Woman Drives Cross-Country Without One Fast-Food Stop

SAN FRANCISCO, California—Monica Nesselrode successfully completed a trans-America tour today during which she refused to eat at any fast-food restaurant, take-out shop or roadside stand.

"I was tempted by Burger Kings, Pizza Huts and Kentucky Fried Chicken stands throughout the trip," said a jubilant Ms. Nesselrode, "but I only waivered once. Near Kearney, Nebraska, I got within sight of a MacDonalds, and suffered a severe Big Mac attack. Knowing there were people inside with their eyes on their fries, while I had to keep mine on the road, took a lot of will power not to cave in."

Ms. Nesselrode, who was once diagnosed as a "terminal junkfood junkie," celebrated the completion of her trip by allowing herself a seven-course meal at seven separate fast-food franchises, starting with

ishi
How

Swimmer Braves Hazards In East River Crossing

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK—Long distance swimmer Barbara Gillman, 26, became the first person in modern history to swim the East River today, enduring pollutants, debris, boats and hostile marine life.

"I knew it was possible," said the plucky swimmer after her successful feat. "The East River has had a lot of bad press about its pollution, and I was lucky to make the crossing on a good day." She was referring to the fact that a Liberian tanker had accidentally dumped 700,000 gallons of crude oil into the river this morning, raising the quality of the water to its highest level in 30 years.

Ms. Gilman said she encountered tires, trees, planks, furniture, styrofoam cups and a man on a raft who claimed to be the great great grandson of Huckleberry Finn during her swim. "But the biggest surprise

TOURIST TRAVELS THROUGH LAS VEGAS AND DOESN'T GAMBLE

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA—In this city of professional gamblers, Arnold Sworgg took a big chance—and won!

Sworgg, 44, arrived in Las Vegas at noon today, and drove down its famed Strip without once stopping to make a bet or buy a chip.

"I figured it was a 70-to-1 shot," said oddsmaker Nick the Arab.

According to Sworgg, it took a lot of determination, and his closest brush with losing the gamble came in a Men's Room. "They had the standard one-armed bandit inside, but I bit my lip, took three pulls on the paper towel dispenser, and high-tailed it out of there."

Sworgg's next record-setting attempt will be to travel through Atlantic City.

Woman Walks Through Macy's Sale And Doesn't Buy One Single Thing

NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK—She walked less than a mile in all, but for Mrs. Sylvia Layton and millions of pathological, chronic shoppers like her, it was a landmark journey.

"If anyone had told me five years ago that I could walk through Macy's during a sale and not buy anything, I would have laughed at them," said a delighted Mrs. Layton.

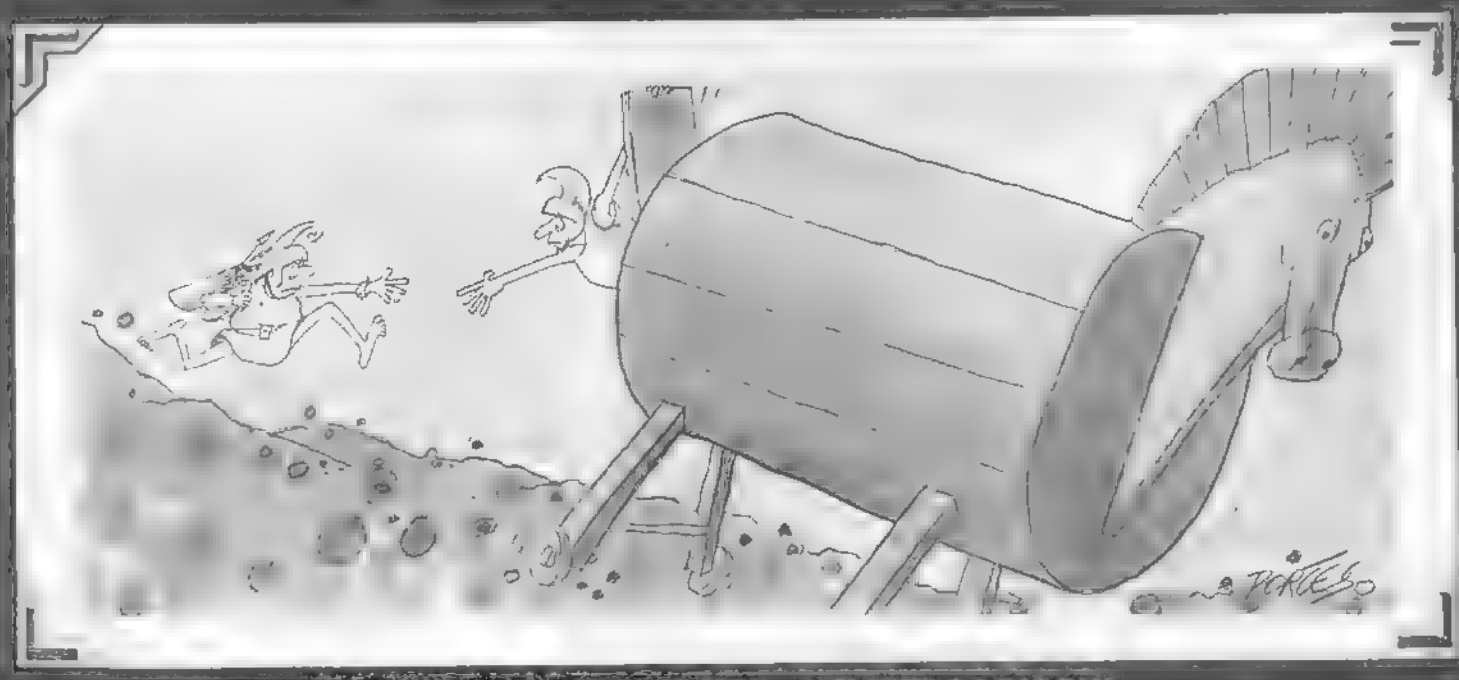
Outside the store, witnesses cheered when Mrs. Layton emerged without any packages, and some of the bystanders even burned their credit cards as gestures that they, too, would control their indiscriminate buying in the days ahead...

HOKEY FOCUS DEPT.

STILL MORE CAN OF HISTORICA

CHEOPS SELECTS SITE FOR HIS PYRAMID

BUSINESS BACK TO NORMAL AT THE O.K. CORRAL

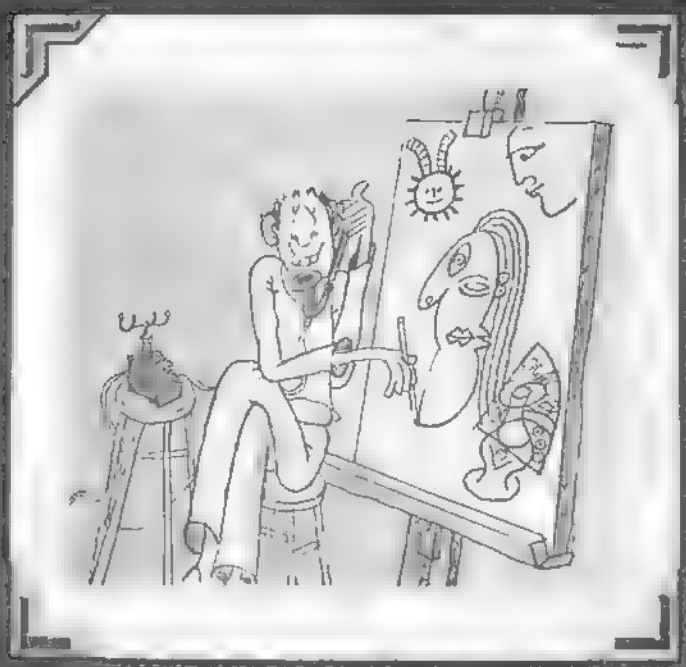


A GREEK WARRIOR RETURNS TO TROY...LATE FROM A 3-DAY PASS

DID SNAPSHOTS L CELEBRITIES

ARTIST & WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

A QUIET MOMENT ON THE "SANTA MARIA," ONE DAY OUT OF SPAIN



PICASSO DOODLES WHILE ON THE PHONE

PROF. EINSTEIN DECIDES TO LET HIS HAIR GROW

ATTILA THE HUN ACCIDENTALLY INVENTS STEAK TARTAR

FATHER-AND-SON DAY AT THE PANAMA CANAL DIGGINGS

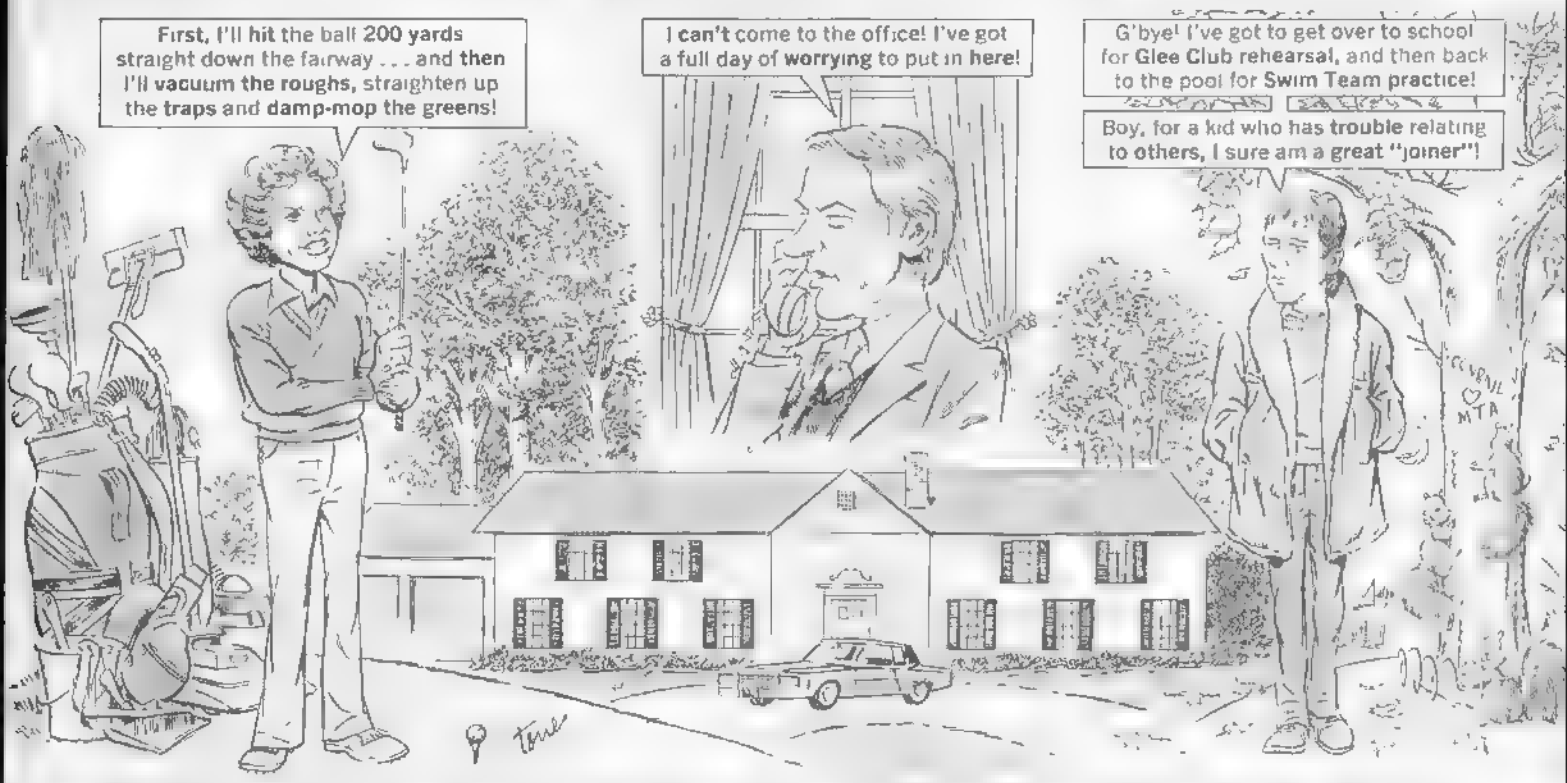
THE FIRST JUNK MAIL IS CARRIED BY THE PONY EXPRESS

HERE WE GO WITH OUR VERSION OF A MOVIE ABOUT ORDINARY PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THIS ORDINARY $450,000 SUBURBAN HOME . . .

. . . AND ABOUT AN ORDINARY MOTHER WHO IS ONE OF THE GREAT LOOKERS OF OUR TIME (JUST LIKE YOUR MOM, RIGHT?), AND WHO IS AN ORDINARY CHAMPION GOLFER (JUST LIKE YOUR MOM, RIGHT?), AND WHO IS A NUT ABOUT CLEANLINESS AND ORDER (JUST LIKE YOUR MOM, RIGHT?—*RIGHT!!*)

. . . AND ABOUT AN ORDINARY FATHER WHO IS TERRIBLY CONCERNED ABOUT HIS WIFE'S AND SON'S HAPPINESS (JUST LIKE YOUR DAD, RIGHT?) ACTUALLY, HE SHOULD BE MORE CONCERNED ABOUT THEIR STARVING . . . SINCE HE'S ALWAYS HANGING AROUND THE HOUSE INSTEAD OF GOING TO WORK!

. . . AND ABOUT AN ORDINARY HIGH SCHOOL KID WITH AN ORDINARY DEEP DARK SECRET WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE ORDINARY STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE INCURABLY BLAND . . .


First, I'll hit the ball 200 yards straight down the fairway . . . and then I'll vacuum the roughs, straighten up the traps and damp-mop the greens!
I can't come to the office! I've got a full day of worrying to put in here!
G'bye! I've got to get over to school for Glee Club rehearsal, and then back to the pool for Swim Team practice!
Boy, for a kid who has trouble relating to others, I sure am a great "joiner"!

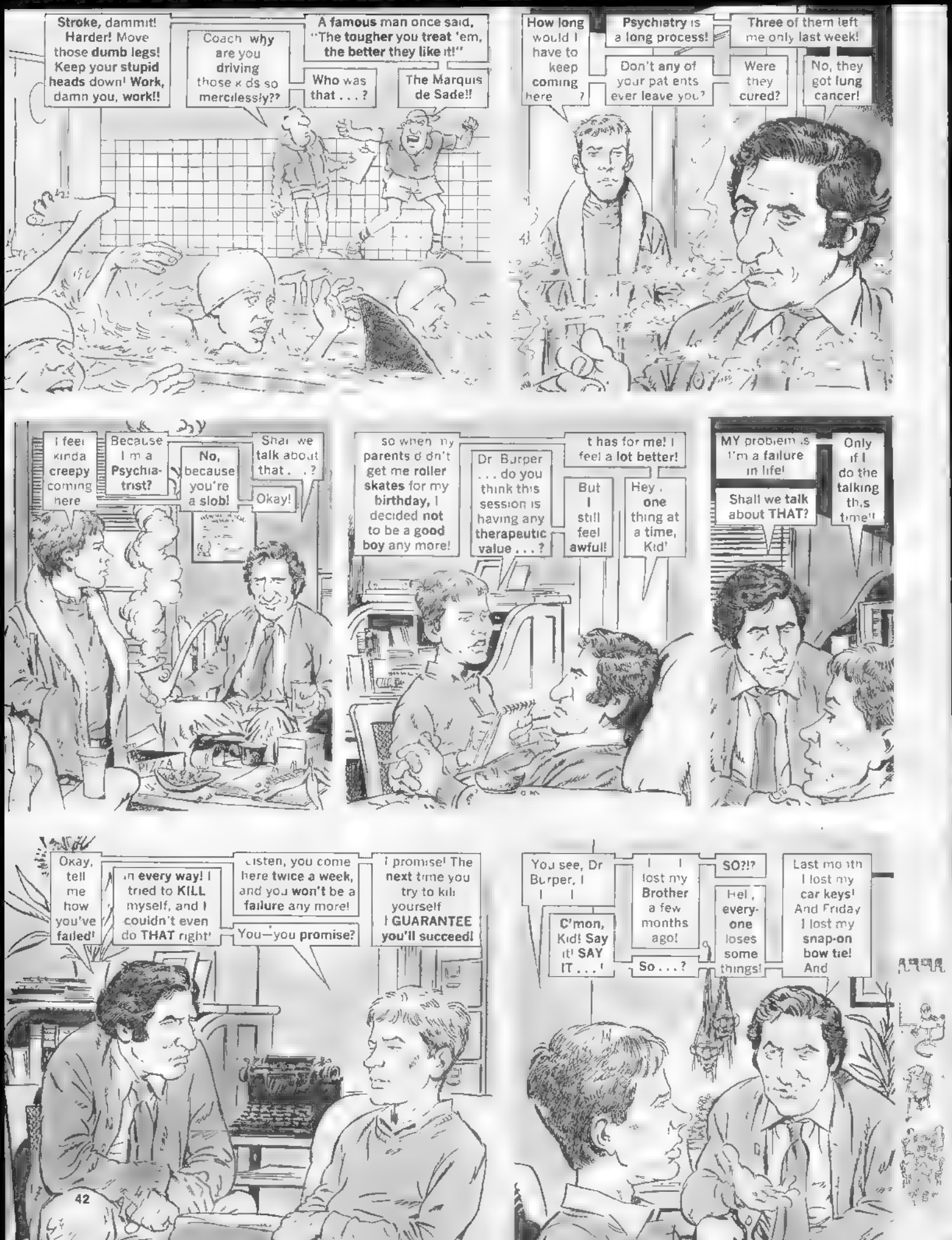
HMMM! COME TO THINK OF IT, THESE AREN'T ORDINARY PEOPLE AT ALL! ACTUALLY, THIS MOVIE SHOULD HAVE BEEN CALLED . . .

Extraordinary People

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: STAN HART

Shall we make love, Bess . . . ?
What do you mean . . . ?
Why must you be so neat?! Every time I move to your side of the bed, you jump up and MAKE my side!!
Well . . . at least it will give you something to do with your hands!
Have you made yourself ready?
Have you washed your lips?
All right! This time, I'll just fluff up the pillows!

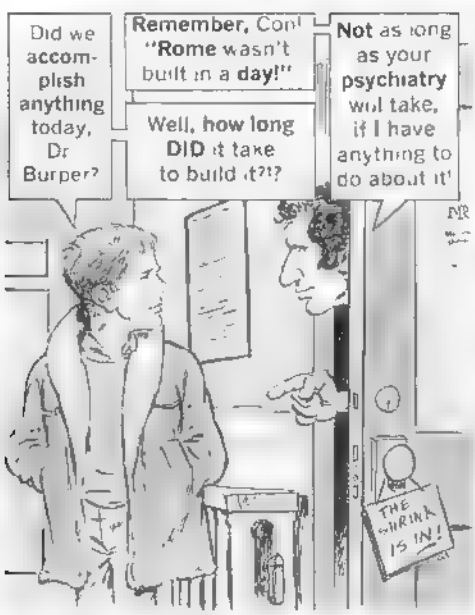
Conrail . . you've got to eat something!
I'm not hungry!
Well, I'm not going to waste food on him! I'm throwing it down the garbage disposal!
Your Mother not only hates waste, she ALSO hates LOGIC!

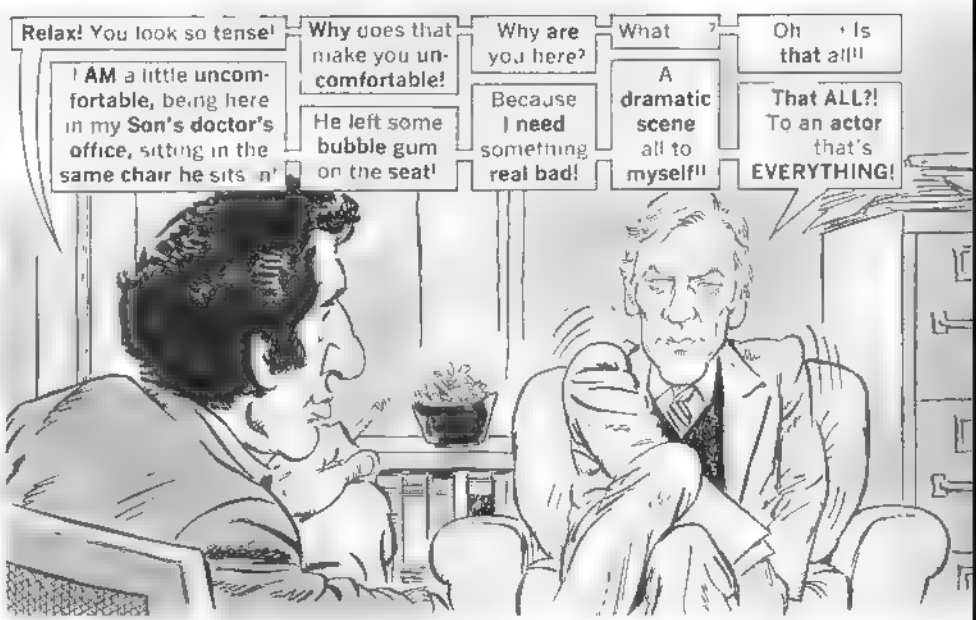

Stroke, dammit! Harder! Move those dumb legs! Keep your stupid heads down! Work, damn you, work!!
Coach why are you driving those kids so mercilessly??
A famous man once said, "The tougher you treat 'em, the better they like it!"
Who was that . . . ?
The Marquis de Sade!!
How long would I have to keep coming here ?
Psychiatry is a long process!
Don't any of your patients ever leave you?
Three of them left me only last week!
Were they cured?
No, they got lung cancer!
I feel kinda creepy coming here
Because I'm a Psychiatrist?
No, because you're a slob!
Shall we talk about that . . . ?
Okay!
so when my parents didn't get me roller skates for my birthday, I decided not to be a good boy any more!
Dr Burper . . . do you think this session is having any therapeutic value . . . ?
But I still feel awful!
t has for me! I feel a lot better!
Hey . one thing at a time, Kid!
MY problem is I'm a failure in life!
Shall we talk about THAT?
Only if I do the talking this time!!
Okay, tell me how you've failed!
in every way! I tried to KILL myself, and I couldn't even do THAT right!
Listen, you come here twice a week, and you won't be a failure any more!
You—you promise?
I promise! The next time you try to kill yourself I GUARANTEE you'll succeed!
You see, Dr Burper, I I
C'mon, Kid! Say it! SAY IT . . . !
I I lost my Brother a few months ago!
So . . . ?
SO?!?
Hey, everyone loses some things!
Last month I lost my car keys! And Friday I lost my snap-on bow tie! And

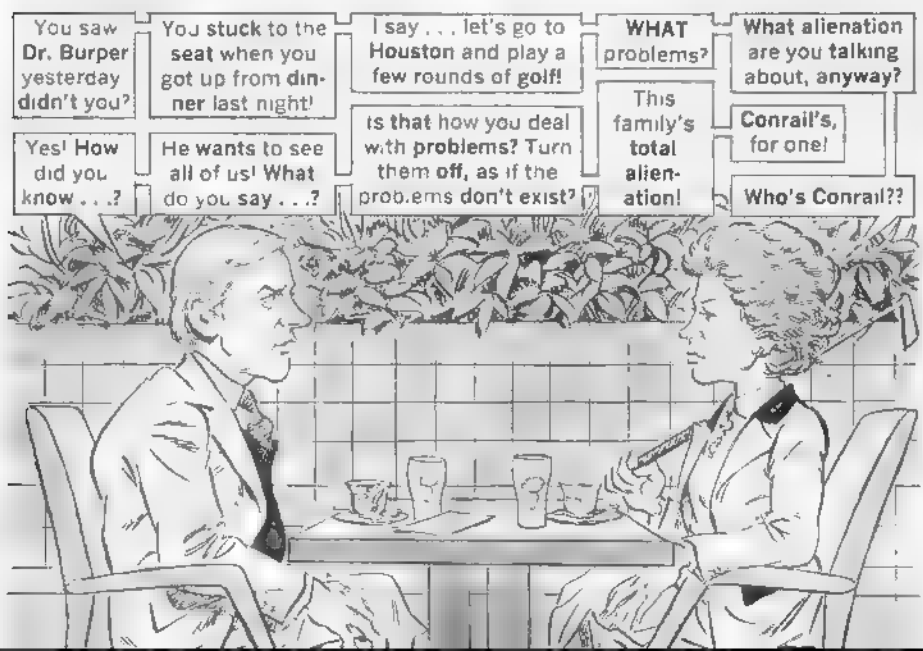
What did you do today, my dear?
In the morning, I played 18 holes of golf . . . and then I went into town to visit Sally's newly-decorated house, and watch the paint dry!
. . . And in the afternoon?
Oh, I just tidied up a bit!
It took you all afternoon to tidy up the house?!?
No . . . to tidy up the town!!
I went to see Dr. Burper today . . .!
Good, Conrad! Isn't that good, Bess?!
I'm going to wash the dishes and then wax the table!
But, we haven't finished eating, yet!
I hate to wait until the last minute!
Dad, I don't think she even CARES about what I do!
Nonsense! You're very important to her!
I—I am?!?
Yes . . almost as much as a clean dining room!
I don't really want to go to this party, Bess!
Neither do I! I'd much rather be home alone—just the two of us—if you know what I mean!
You mean—making love . . .??
No . . dusting!!
Hey, why are you angry with me?!?
Because, I overheard you telling Gloria that Conrail was seeing a Psychiatrist!
So . . .?!?
That's very private, and other people don't have to know about it!!
You mean other people like Gloria . . .?!?
No . . other people like ME!!
Today, I feel very nervous, and jumpy, and frantic, and antsy, and—
Whoa! Take it easy! Please, Conrail, talk a lot slower!
Will that help me?
No . . . but at $50 an hour, it'll sure help ME!!
EVELYN KID
Mom, we never talk to each other! Can we try now?
Now now, dear! Wait til we sit down at the table for dinner!
All we ever do in this movie is sit at the table and eat! It makes me wonder!
About what?
How you stay so thin!
That's because I never swallow my food! I store it in my cheeks!
Really . . .?
Actually, my cheeks are so full, I can't close my lips! That's why I'm always smiling!

What do you mean, you're quitting?!
I can't take it any more!!
It's because I made you swim 15 laps yesterday, isn't it?
That's part of it!
What's the other part?
You made me swim them underwater!
WHY do we always have to have these sessions in such DARKNESS?!
Because it's dramatic, and we've got no other dramatic action in this film! Now, Conrail, I'd like you to express your anger . . . !
But, I'm not angry!
Yes, you are!
I'm not! I'm not!!
Are! Are! Are!
Not! Not! Not! Not!
Ah-hah!! I can detect a trace of "Are! Are! Are!" in your "Not! Not! Not!"
Oh go to Hell!!
See that?! You ARE angry!
Boy, I let myself go at Dr. Burper's office today! I felt REAL ANGER for the first time!
Good! Good! I might want to try to feel anger MYSELF some time!
You WILL . . . at the end of the month . . . when his BILL comes!
Conrail, stand on your Mother's left . . . no, maybe her right . . . no, maybe stand behind her . . . no, maybe if she stood behind
Take the God damned picture already!
Conrail, that's no way to talk!!
But you said it was good to let myself go, and express my anger!!
At HER . . . ! Not ME!!
Bess, your family's having a fight! Why are you SMILING!?
I just ATE!
I'm nervous about asking Jeannie for a date! I'd better practice first! How does this sound?
Ahem! Hello, Jeannie? This is Conrail Farfell speaking!
No . . . too macho! How's this? Hi, there, Jeannie! Guess who this is!!
No . . . too goofy! Hey!! Why am I doing this?!
Because it's a sure-fire cuteness bit that's worked ever since the first "Andy Hardy" movie back in 1937!
It's no use, Dad! Mom and I just can't communicate!
You have to understand her, Conrail! Actually your Mother—
hates me!
Please don't put words in my mouth! Son! Actually your Mother
loves me?
I said please don't put words in my mouth!

I think it's getting a little TOO dramatic in here! I keep falling over furniture!
Tell me about the time you tried to kill yourself!
I went into the bathroom and I slashed my wrists! It really upset my Mother a lot!
Of course it did!
Well, she never forgave me for getting all that blood on her towel!
The only reason she got upset was because you got blood on a TOWEL!?
It was on a GUEST TOWEL!
Ah-hah! Now THAT, I can understand!
My Brother and I were out sailing when a storm came up! And then .
Hold it! Don't say another word!
Something important happened?
Yes . . your hour just ended!
NUDNIK II

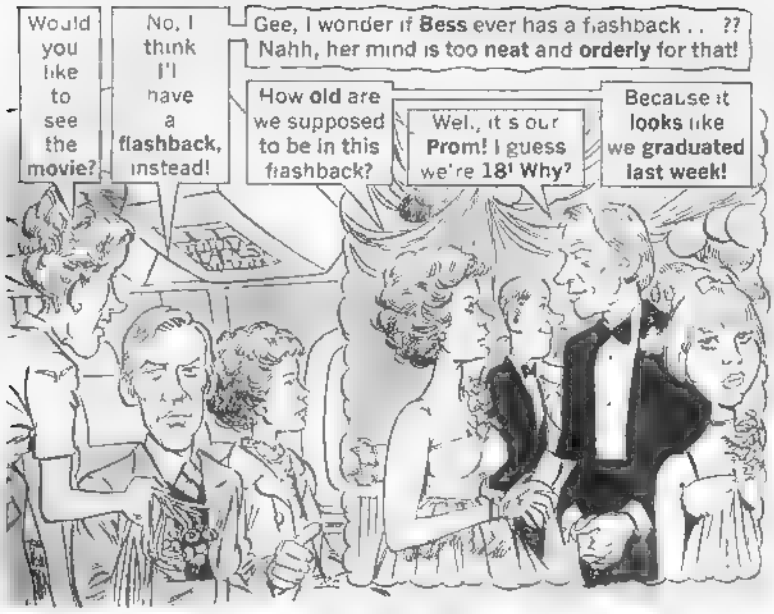

Did we accomplish anything today, Dr Burper?
Remember, Con! "Rome wasn't built in a day!"
Well, how long DID it take to build it?!?
Not as long as your psychiatry will take, if I have anything to do about it!
THE SHRINK IS IN!


Relax! You look so tense!
I AM a little uncomfortable, being here in my Son's doctor's office, sitting in the same chair he sits in!
Why does that make you uncomfortable!
He left some bubble gum on the seat!
Why are you here?
Because I need something real bad!
What ?
A dramatic scene all to myself!!
Oh . Is that all!!
That ALL?! To an actor that's EVERYTHING!

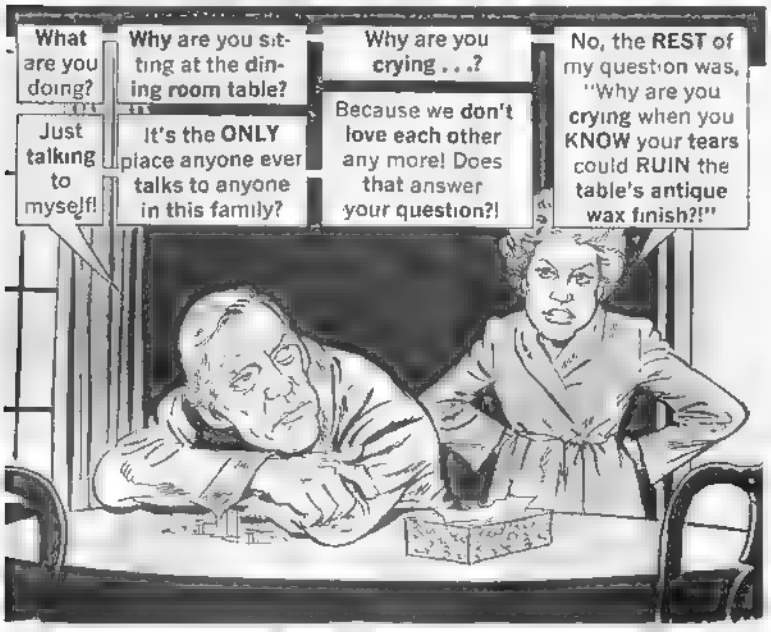

You saw Dr. Burper yesterday didn't you?
Yes! How did you know . . .?
You stuck to the seat when you got up from dinner last night!
He wants to see all of us! What do you say . . .?
I say . . . let's go to Houston and play a few rounds of golf!
Is that how you deal with problems? Turn them off, as if the problems don't exist?
WHAT problems?
This family's total alienation!
What alienation are you talking about, anyway?
Conrail's, for one!
Who's Conrail??

How many did I knock down?
Let's see! Five, six, seven . . .
Seven pins?
No, seven guys in the next alley! Oh-oh . . . there goes a Waitress! Make that EIGHT!

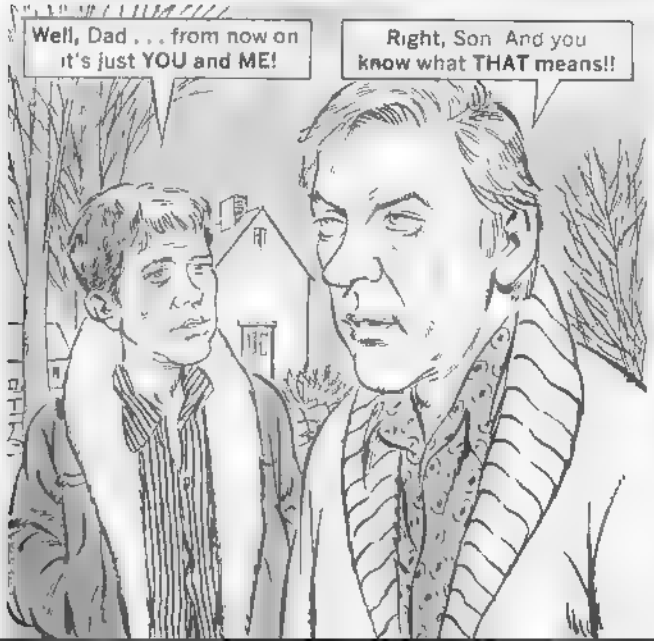
I'm not like other fellows my age, Jeannie! I hardly ever put a hamburger pattie on my forehead, or use the buns as hockey pucks! I never try to drink a Dr. Pepper through my nose, or stomp a hot apple pie to see how far the apples will shoot across the room!
Conrail . . . what are you trying to SAY?
That I'm SORRY I'm no fun to be with!!
I keep thinking about the accident . . .!
Tell me everything that happened that day!
My Brother and I were in the cabin, washing our hands . . .
Hold it! Washing your hands?
My Mother made us wash our hands whenever my Brother and I went sailing!
Did she say why?
She said that if we ever had an accident and had to be rescued by someone she knew, we'd be CLEAN and not embarrass her!
Dr. Burper, I've GOT it! I KNOW why he couldn't hold on!!
Why, Conrail? WHY??
Because we both had some SOAP left on our hands!
That's why his hand slipped out of mine! Now I KNOW! I know I'm not to blame!!
What a powerful and emotional revelation, Doctor! Hold me! Hold me!!
Of course. But I REALLY should be holding your MOTHER!!
Why . . .? Because my Mother's a lot SICKER than I am?
No, PRETTIER!
I'm sorry we had a good time the other night! The next time we go out, I promise not to enjoy myself so much!
That'd be nice!
How about coming inside and having some breakfast? We can sit at the table and talk!
You remind me of someone!
Who?
My Mother! She can't talk unless she has a mouthful of food, either!
All you think about is that screwed-up BOY of ours! How about thinking of ME for a change?!
Bess, please! People are watching!!
Well, I don't give a damn who's watching!
Since when? Throughout this whole film, you WORRIED about what other people would think!!
Yelling like this doesn't make any sense!!
Is that so?! Well, if YOU can have your own dramatic scene that doesn't make any sense, so can I!!


Would you like to see the movie?
No, I think I'll have a flashback, instead!
Gee, I wonder if Bess ever has a flashback . . ?? Nahh, her mind is too neat and orderly for that!
How old are we supposed to be in this flashback?
Well, it's our Prom! I guess we're 18! Why?
Because it looks like we graduated last week!

Look, Mother! You see what I'm doing?!? I'm hugging you! Feel it?
Conrail . . . I have a question to ask you!
Why don't I do this more often . . .?
No . . . did you wash your hands before touching your Mother!?

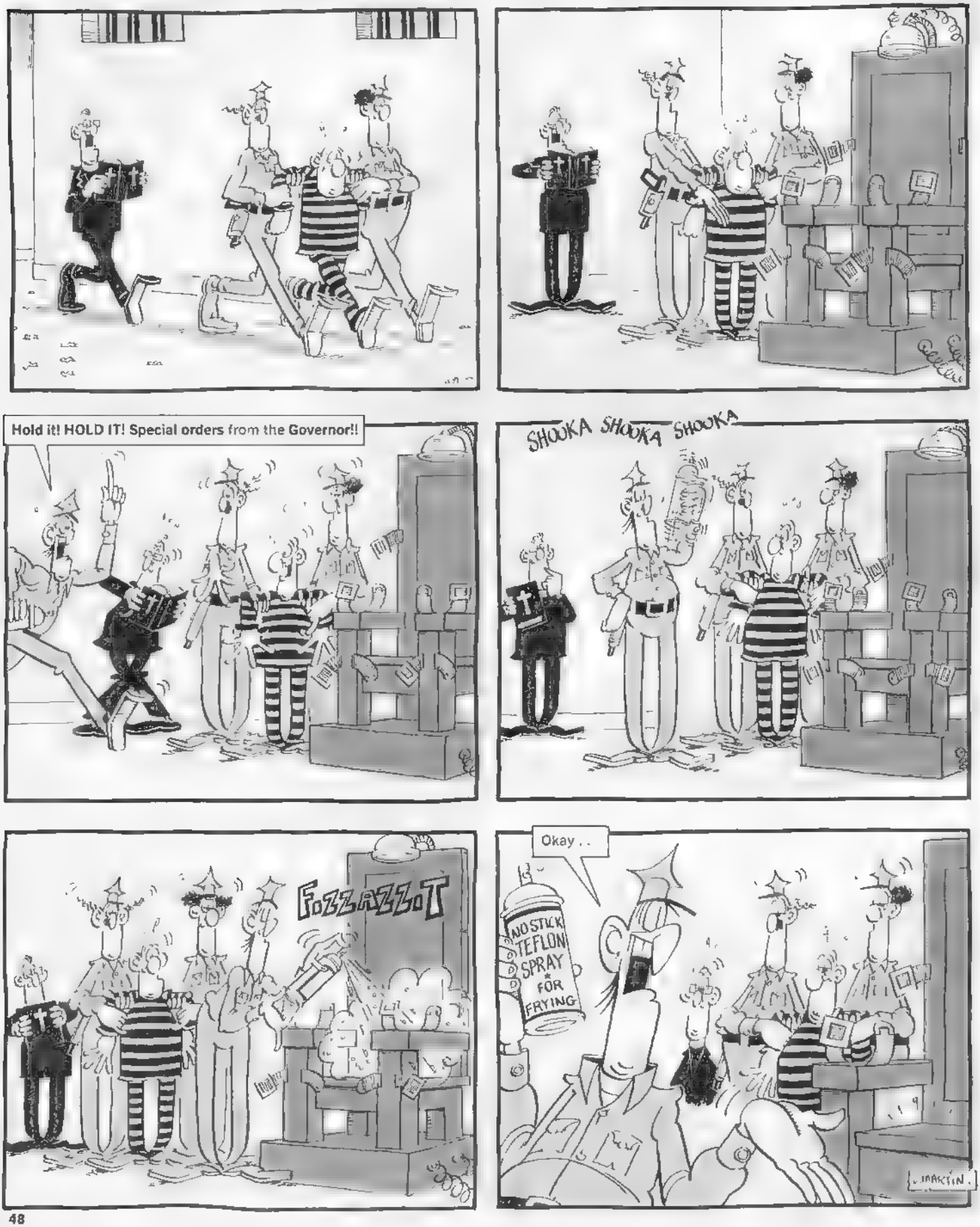

What are you doing?
Just talking to myself!
Why are you sitting at the dining room table?
It's the ONLY place anyone ever talks to anyone in this family?
Why are you crying . . .?
Because we don't love each other any more! Does that answer your question?!
No, the REST of my question was, "Why are you crying when you KNOW your tears could RUIN the table's antique wax finish?!"

Can you imagine . . .? She's LEAVING her Husband and Son . . . just like THAT!
It's all my fault!
Why do you say that?
I took her to see "Kramer vs. Kramer"!
TAXI


Well, Dad . . . from now on it's just YOU and ME!
Right, Son. And you know what THAT means!!

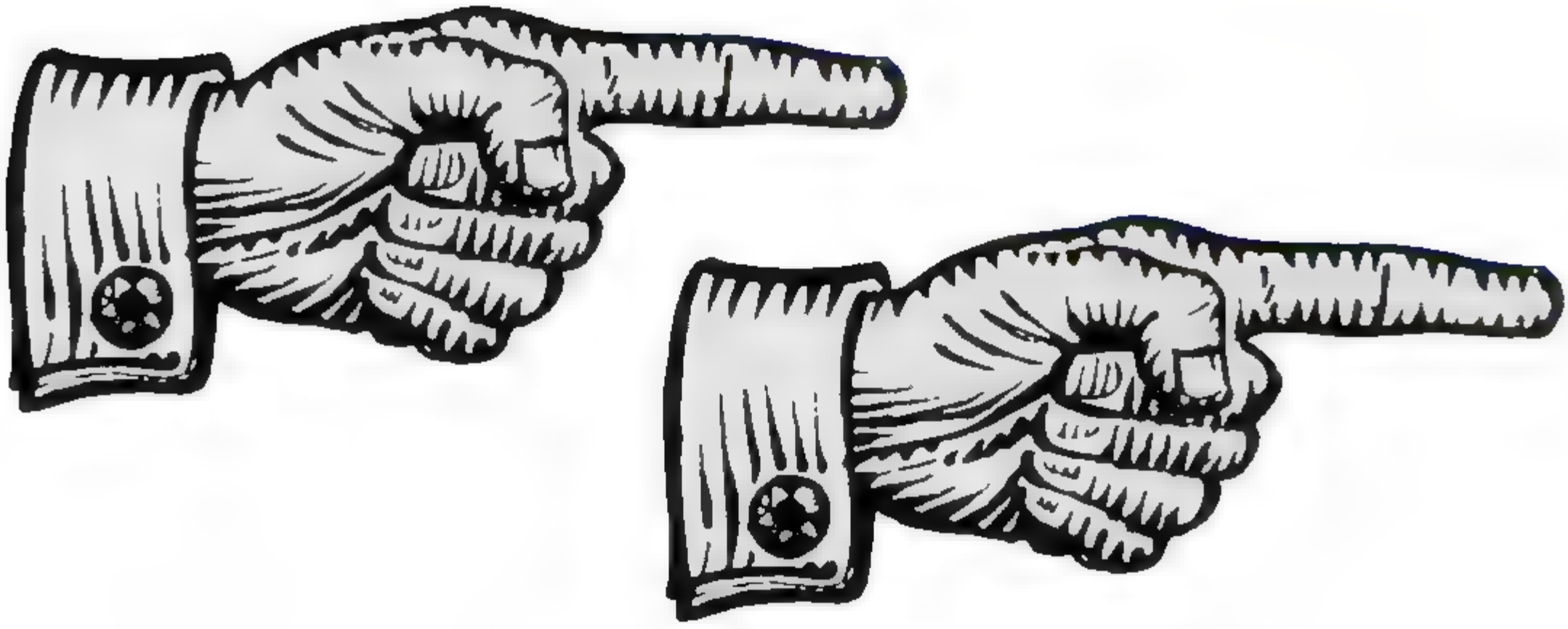
It means that at last, we can be SLOBS, and have FUN . . . just like ORDINARY PEOPLE!!

LATE ONE EVENING ON DEATH ROW



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT IS ALWAYS THE MOVIE INDUSTRY'S GHASTLIEST PRODUCTION?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Each year, Hollywood offers one production that makes everyone's skin crawl. Usually, it is the most horrible thing to come out of "tinsel town" that year. To discover the title of that hideous show for this year, fold in the page as shown . . .

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A› FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ‹B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

THROUGH THE YEARS, HORROR PICTURES HAVE BECOME OFFENSIVE AND DISGUSTING. THESE MOVIES CAN SCAR A YOUNGSTER'S MIND. NO AMOUNT OF MONETARY REWARD SHOULD JUSTIFY ANYTHING THAT SINKS QUITE SO LOW!

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A› ‹B

WHAT IS ALWAYS THE MOVIE INDUSTRY'S GHASTLIEST PRODUCTION?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

THE OSCAR AWARD SHOW!

A◀B

SKRITCH SKRITCH

SHOOKA SHOOKA

GASHOOK GRUNCH

GASH

ARTIST: DON MARTIN WRITER: DON EDWING

KROOCH

PWOMF